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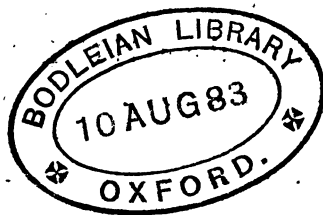
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ADVERTISEMENT.

AN Accident, relative solely to the Subscribers Names, has hitherto retarded the Publication of this Work, which was printed many Months ago.

The Author is at present engaged in translating the *ANDRIAN*, and *EUNUCH*; which will be soon prepared for the Press, if the Gentlemen, who have honoured this Specimen with their Subscriptions, shall think his Design of translating the Remainder of Terence's Plays, on the same Plan, ~~worthy~~ of their Encouragement.

Subscriptions are received by Mr. *Jackson*, in the High-Street, Oxford; *R. Doddsley*, in Pall-Mall; and *T. Payne*, at the Mews-Gate, London.

E R R A T A.

SELF-TORMENTOR.—P. 25. l. 24. for *was* read *were*.—P. 26. l. 6. after *reprimanded* read *him*.—P. 30. l. 19. for *Bridgwell* read *a whipping*.—P. 40. l. 2. dele *be*.—P. 45. l. 9. dele *your*.—P. 61. l. 2. for *was* read *were*.

BROTHERS.—P. 3. l. 18. for *persuasion* read *Persuasion*.—P. 9. l. 21. dele *in the jaws*.—P. 20. l. 15. for *peacemeal* read *piecemeal*.—P. 45. l. 20. for *was* read *were*.—P. 51. l. 14. for *was* read *were*.—P. 64. l. 27. for *must* read *much*.

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE ceremony of an Introduction to this attempt, is a task which I should willingly have declined; but as there are several different translations of Terence already extant, it becomes an obvious question, what necessity there is for adding to the number? In answer to this, I beg leave briefly to relate the occasion of this undertaking;—after which, I hope the Reader will be pleased to receive it with the candour due to an humble offer, rather than with the indignation due to an impertinent obtrusion.

About the middle of last summer, some gentlemen in a mixed company having engaged in a dispute concerning the comparative merits of the antient and modern Drama, the Comedies of Terence became the subject of general conversation: In the course of the debate one of the party observed, that although the beauty and elegance of that Author were universally acknowledged by

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the *learned* world ; yet the English Reader, and particularly the fair sex, whose system of education precluded them from the key to his works in the original, could discern very little of his excellence through the medium of a *translation*. I do not recollect that I had at that time seen any one translation of Terence ; but reflecting on the gentleman's remark, I some time after examined all that fell in my way. The first was a very old one, and so perfectly literal, that it was scarcely intelligible. — The second is by Echard and others.—A specimen or two of the style of these gentlemen will be sufficient. (E. g.) “ Poor *Pilgarlick* must meet with a *dry beating*.” — “ He'll fall to the old *dog-trick*.” — “ Get you gone if you have any *guts in your brains*.” — And in their rage for refinement, they talk of a young man's being as brisk as a *body-louse*, &c. In a word, it may be called *Terence burlesqued*.—The third is by Patrick.—The Author of this advertises the Reader not to expect an elegant translation, but only an exposition of Terence's meaning, as he designed it for the instruction of youth at Schools. But he seems in some instances to have gone beyond the modesty of his pretensions ; and perhaps, had he intended his work for another set of Readers, he might have produced what he has professedly declined, an elegant Translation. The last I have seen is Mr. Colman's.—I am
very

very sensible of the regard due to a living reputation ; but I hope there will be no indelicacy in such observations as I shall offer on that gentleman's performance.—Mr. Colman is undoubtedly possessed of every qualification essential to a polite scholar. The testimony of an individual indeed is needless to him, whose works have already obtained the sanction of public approbation. He has long worn the bays ; may they continue to flourish around his temples.—Is not Mr. Colman's then the very translation of Terence so long wished for by the learned World ? I apprehend not ; — for the very project, whereby he has attempted to exhibit Terence, as nearly as possible, in the same dress in which he appeared at Rome, seems to me to have produced in general a very different effect—I mean his dressing him in English *blank verse*.

It is true that—*Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*

But this privilege, as Horace tells us, does not extend to *unnatural combinations* ; in which view I cannot but consider the uniting *Comedy* with *blank verse*. As Mr. Colman has exerted no less *labour* than *ingenuity* in defence of his plan, (though by the way, few things that are right in themselves require such pains in the proof) I shall beg leave to offer one or two plain observations on the other side of the question. And

And first, the Latin *Comedies* as well as *Tragedies* were performed to music; to which the metre of Terence (however irregular) seems happily adapted; at the same time that its particular character, as Mr. Colman observes, is its “familiarity, and near approach to common conversation.” Now I cannot suppose, that Mr. Colman had the remotest idea of having his translation performed in *Recitative*:—And it appears to me, that the artificial *choice* as well as *arrangement* of words, added to the natural *gravity* of English blank verse, are peculiarly adapted to *Tragic* and *Epic* Poetry; but are restrictive of, if not totally incompatible with, the true *spirit* and *flowing ease* of *comic* dialogue. I also think that *Prose* (or as Mr. Colman calls it, *bumble Prose*) at the same time that it is the true language of conversation, may be elevated to the dignity of any situation, sentiment, or expression, that is to be found in the *Comedies* of Terence. And I am not afraid to add, that of the two, I think that *solecism* in letters (as Mr. Colman calls it) an *Epic* Poem [viz. the *Telemaque*] or *Tragedy* in *prose*, more tolerable, at least more natural, than a *Comedy* in *blank verse*—because even the most sublime sentiments of *Tragedy* or *Epic* Poetry are conceived (if I may so express myself) in *prose*, and afterwards wrought into *measure*;—whereas no man will pretend, that his familiar thoughts flow
in

in *metre*, or that he can hold a conversation in *blank verse*.

I am willing to abide by the authority of Shakespeare's best works as the standard of nature—I say his *best* works, because his genius was no less irregular than sublime.—In his deepest Tragedies he has introduced *prose*, where he has introduced *comic scenes*.—The Merchant of Venice, Measure for Measure, &c. are Tragicomedies—saving the catastrophe and a few loose scenes, they are *Tragedies*; and therefore the greater part of them is written in *blank verse*—The Merry Wives of Windsor, Much ado about Nothing, &c. are almost *pure Comedies*, and therefore almost entirely written in *prose*.

These instances of Shakespeare's *best* works may suffice in general.—There is also a rich vein of imagination in many of his plays, which, though sometimes *comic*, is so exceedingly *poetical*, that it certainly appears to advantage in *verse*: (e. g.) Mercutio's description of Queen Mab in Romeo and Juliet,—The Fairy Scenes in a Midsummer Night's Dream, &c.—But these are peculiar to the genius and unbounded fancy of Shakespeare; and therefore cannot be urged as a precedent for a translation of Terence, whose dialogue is merely *familiar*, and as free from *poetical imagery*, as Shakespeare's is full of it.

Mr,

Mr. Colman in his preface says, (artfully enough) “ The mere modern Critic, whose idea of blank verse is perhaps attached to that empty swell of phraseology so frequent in our late Tragedies, may consider my notions as void of foundation, and will not readily allow, that the same measure can be as well adapted to the expression of comic humour, as to the pathos of Tragedy.” My idea of blank verse is no more attached to that empty swell of phraseology, than Mr. Colman’s; and yet I cannot readily allow, that the same measure can be as well adapted to the expression of comic humour, as to the pathos of Tragedy.—He even goes so far as to say, that “ blank verse not only admits of humour, but even heightens and embellishes it.” Shakespeare (to whose works at large I refer the ingenuous enquirer) seems by his practice to have thought otherwise, notwithstanding Mr. Colman has adduced his example to confirm his own opinion.—But if that gentleman will only turn the part of Sir John Falstaff, or the comic scenes of Benedick and Beatrice into blank verse, I dare say, the success of the undertaking will settle the dispute.

It were needless to speak of Johnson, Massenger, &c. because Shakespeare’s authority is complete in itself, and supersedes that of all other dramatick Poets whatever;—besides, by referring

to that alone, the matter in question becomes contracted, as it were, to a single point.

After all arguments on either side, the stile and manner of writing, as well as of painting, must be ultimately determined by their *effect*. If Mr. Colman's blank verse has the true effect of familiar conversation, and will not only "admit of" "humour, but even heighten and embellish it;" —In a word, if Terence seems as free and unconstrained in his translation, as in the original, let blank verse in Comedy be preferred. But if the artificial choice and arrangement of words, added to the natural gravity of blank verse, are peculiarly adapted to Tragic and Epic Poetry; and are restrictive of, if not totally incompatible with, the true spirit and flowing ease of Comic Dialogue, (which I have already declared to be my sentiments) must the genius of English Comedy be forced into a stiff and awkward gait on *stilts*, because the irregular iambicks of Terence move with an air full of grace and familiar ease?

Mr. Colman may stigmatize me as a *mere modern Critic*, or by any other term he shall think me deserving of, for daring to dissent from him. A parade of learning is unnecessary; but I will refer him to as antient and certain an authority as any he has produced, I mean that of *common sense*. The greatest geniuses have shewn the greatest extravagancies. — Dryden wrote Tragedies in rhyme;

rhyme; he afterwards recanted his error. Mr. Colman has translated Comedies into blank verse:—This strikes me as an error no less than Dryden's; and yet I can safely say with Mr. Colman, that “ I have never attempted to litigate any “ opinion from a petulant spirit of contradiction, “ or an ambition of novelty.”

I should not perhaps have taken the liberty of delivering my sentiments so *freely* relative to Mr. Colman's plan, had not he affirmed, that “ all “ attempts to render the Comedies of the an- “ tients into *prose*, must prove, as they ever have “ proved, unsuccessful :” Which has an evident tendency to preclude all *future* attempts on any other plan than his own. I should here have subjoined the first scene (with the soliloquy following) of Mr. Colman's *Self-Tormentor*; it being one of the most serious and affecting scenes in Terence, and consequently one of the most favourable to blank verse: But upon a friend's suggesting that it might admit of an invidious interpretation, I have declined it.

To conclude; as I cannot but be of opinion, that there is no English metre *yet discovered* fit for *comic dialogue*; which opinion, I think, confirmed by the practice of our comic writers; I have attempted in this edition of the *Self-Tormentor* and the *Brothers*, to give the Reader a specimen of a liberal translation of Terence in *prose*.—By a
liberal

liberal translation; I mean, that I have endeavoured to express the true sense of the Latin Author in the English idiom, so as to give the Reader as much the idea of *original writing*, and as little that of a *translation* as possible. I have not admitted any foreign phrases, however familiar to us, where we have synonymous ones in our own language, because, though I wish to make Terence speak as a gentleman, I would not have him appear fantastical. I know not whether I ought to apologize for reducing the Attic money into English, as being more intelligible to the English Reader. The manners I have endeavoured to preserve unmixed. The arguments and prologues I have entirely omitted; the former as being unnecessary anticipations of the Reader's curiosity, and the latter as consisting of little more than invectives on the part of Terence against the illiberal behaviour of his cotemporaries. Many elisions of vowels (which perhaps a nice Reader may resent) I have submitted to; having found, upon trial, that the contrary practice was attended with a degree of stiffness which I could not reconcile to the familiarity of English conversation. As to notes, &c. I have deferred all thoughts of that kind, at least till I know what difficulties I have to encounter from the reception this Essay shall meet with; Wherein, if I have failed, " I am confident, (and I

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speak

speak it with as much sincerity as Mr. Colman)
 “ that my ill success is entirely owing to the
 “ lameness of the execution of a plan, which
 “ may be more happily pursued by some abler
 “ writer.”

It gives me no small satisfaction to find the
 opinion of a nobleman lately deceased (whose
taste I believe few will dispute) exactly concur-
 ring with mine ; as appears by the following ex-
 tract from Lord Chesterfield’s Letters to his Son.
 “ Tragedy must be somewhat *bigger* than life, or
 “ it would not affect us, &c.—It is quite other-
 “ wise with Comedy, which should be mere com-
 “ mon life, and not one jot *bigger*. Every cha-
 “ racter should speak upon the stage, not only
 “ what it would utter in the same situation, but
 “ in the *same manner* in which it would express it.”

T H E

Heautontimorumenos ;

O R,

SELF-TORMENTOR.

T H E
HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS,
O R
S E L F - T O R M E N T O R ;

Taken from the Greek of Menander, was performed at the Megaleſian Games at Rome, when Lucius Cornelius Lentulus, and Lucius Valerius Flaccus were Curule Ædiles.—Lucius Ambivius Turpio, and Lucius Adilius Præneſtinus acted.—Flaccus, Claudius's Freed-man, compoſed the muſick.—The firſt time it was acted, the muſick was performed on unequal flutes; the ſecond time, on two right-handed flutes.—It was acted a third time, when Marcus Juventius and Titus Sempronius were conſuls.

PERSONS of the PLAY.

MENEDEMUS.

CHREMES.

CLINIA, Son to MENEDEMUS.

CLITIPHO, Son to CHREMES.

DROMO, CLINIA's Servant.

SYRUS, CLITIPHO's Servant.

SOSTRATA, Wife to CHREMES.

ANTIPHILA, Mistress to CLINIA.

BACCHIS, Mistress to CLITIPHO.

ANTIPHILA's NURSE.

PHRYGIA, BACCHIS's Maid.

SCENE, in the Country, near ATHENS.

Terence's SELF-TORMENTOR.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Chremes, Menedemus.

CHREMES.

ALTHOUGH the commencement of our acquaintance is but of late date, and was occasion'd merely by your purchasing an estate near mine, yet either your virtue, or the circumstance of our being neighbours, (which I think bears an affinity to friendship) induces me to tell you freely and familiarly, that you appear to me to labour more intensely than is either consistent with your age, or requisite for your affairs. — For, in the name of heaven and earth, what would

would you have? What can be your view? You are, as I conjecture, at least sixty years of age, if not more—No man in this country has a better or more ample estate—you have servants too in abundance—and yet you are as diligent in doing their offices, as though you had none at all. Let me go out never so early, or return never so late, I am sure to see you either plowing, digging, or fainting under burthens: In a word, you seem regardless of yourself, and are never at rest.—I am sure all this cannot be for amusement:—But you will say perhaps, “I cannot bear to see my business advance so slowly.”—Were you, instead of labouring yourself, to employ your time in exercising your servants, you would find it turn out more to your advantage.

Menedemus. Have you so much leisure, Chremes, from your own affairs, that you can interest yourself in those of others, wherein you have no concern?

Chremes. I am a man—and think myself interested in every thing that concerns mankind. Imagine that I wish either to advise you, or to be inform’d myself: If what you do, is right, I would follow your example; if wrong, I would dissuade you from persisting in it.

Menedemus. I follow my humour, do you the same.

Chremes. Can it be any man’s humour to torment himself?

Menedemus,

Menedemus. It is mine.

Chremes. If any thing afflicts you, I wish it otherwise.—But what peculiar misfortune is this of your's? How can you have merited such severe mortification?

Menedemus. Alas! alas!

Chremes. I beseech you do not weep, but make me acquainted with the cause of your grief:—Do not conceal it—fear nothing—and be assur'd, either my consolation, advice, or fortune, is at your command.

Menedemus. Do you wish to know the cause?

Chremes. I do——and for the reason I have given you.

Menedemus. I will tell it you.

Chremes. But in the mean time do not fatigue yourself, and pray lay down those rakes.

Menedemus. By no means.

Chremes. What can be your design?

Menedemus. Suffer me to lead a life of labour, without a moment's intermission.

Chremes. I will not suffer you.

[*Taking the rakes from him.*]

Menedemus. Ah! this is not well-doing.

Chremes. What! and such *heavy* ones too?

Menedemus. Such is my offence.

Chremes. Now speak.

Menedemus. I have an only son—ah! what did I say—I *have*?—I *had* an only son, *Chremes*:—Whether I *have* now, or not, is uncertain.

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Chremes.

Chremes. How so?

Menedemus. You shall hear:—There came hither some time since a poor old woman from Corinth:—Her daughter my son fell desperately in love with; infomuch, that he became attach'd to her as though she had been his wife. This connection he kept a secret from me.—As soon as I discover'd it, I began to reprove him, not with that gentleness which the love-sick mind of a tender youth required, but with violence, after the common manner of fathers. My daily lecture was,—“Do you think to continue these courses, and keep a mistress, as 'twere a wife, in my life-time? You are mistaken, Clinia, and do not know me, if that be your design. I am willing to acknowledge you as long as you conduct yourself in a manner worthy of my son;—but when you cease to do that, I shall consider how I am to conduct myself in a manner worthy of your father.—This love arises from nothing but mere idleness. At your time of life, I did not devote myself to love; but travell'd into Asia, constrain'd by poverty, and there acquir'd both honour and riches by the profession of arms.”—At length the matter came to this,—the youth, by hearing the same lecture repeated again and again, was at last quite overcome; and supposing me to have more judgment and foresight, through age and experience, than himself, set off for Asia to enter into the Persian service.

Chrem.

Chremes. What say you?

Menedemus. He left me privately—and has been now gone these three months.

Chremes. You have been both to blame—though I think this expedition shews your son to be of an ingenuous and enterprizing disposition.

Menedemus. As soon as I learnt this from his intimates, I returned home—overwhelm'd and almost distracted with grief—I threw myself into my chair—immediately my servants hasten'd to my assistance—some to shift my dress—some to get my couch ready—whilst others prepar'd a repast for my refreshment; each zealously endeavouring to alleviate my sorrow.—Observing this, I began to reflect—“ Shall so many servants labour to pamper
“ *me* only? so many to dress *me*? Shall I keep
“ up such an expence for *myself* alone? whilst my
“ only son, who is at least equally, if not more
“ entitled to such accommodations, (as being
“ more suitable to his age) is driven from home
“ by my injustice?—Was I to do this, I should
“ think myself deserving of every misfortune that
“ can befall me. As long therefore as he under-
“ goes the hardships of life, and is banish'd his
“ country through my severity—I am determin'd
“ to punish myself by toiling, getting, and saving
“ all I can for his service.”—I immediately set
about executing my resolution—I dispos'd of all
my wardrobe and household furniture—my slaves

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of both sexes (except those who could get their livelihood by working in the country) I set up to sale—I put a bill upon my house :—In a word, having collected between two and three thousand pounds, I purchas'd this farm——here I labour, ——I persuade myself, that by undergoing this voluntary penance I lessen the injury I have done my son; and that I have no right to enjoy any pleasure whatever, unless he returns safe to partake it with me.

Chremes. I judge you to be an affectionate father, and him a no less obedient son—if properly manag'd. But you did not know him sufficiently, nor he you: In which case there is no living happily together. You never shew'd him how dearly you lov'd him; nor did he ever dare repose that confidence in you which was due to a father :— Otherwise these troubles had never happen'd.

Menedemus. I confess the truth of what you say—my conduct has been unpardonable.

Chremes. But I hope and trust it will not be long before he returns to you in safety.

Menedemus. The Gods grant it.

Chremes. They will.—In the meantime, if 'tis agreeable to you, pray indulge me with your company to-day at my house, to keep the present festival in honour of Bacchus,

Menedemus. Impossible.

Chremes. Why so? I beseech you spare yourself
self

SELF-TORMENTOR. 7

self a little——Your absent son would wish you to do so.

Menedemus. I cannot justify sparing *myself*, who have driven *him* to a state of misery.

Chremes. Are you fix'd in that sentiment?

Menedemus. I am.

Chremes. Then farewell.

Menedemus. Fare you well also.

[*Exit Menedemus.*]

Chremes. He has drawn tears from me, and I pity him from my soul.—But as the day is far spent, 'tis time I had reminded my friend Phania of his engagement to sup with me—I'll go and see whether he is at home—[*goes to Phania's door, and returns.*] There was no occasion: They tell me he has been some time at my house; and I am making my guests wait.—But the door opens—who is it coming out?—I'll retire, and observe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

CLITIPHO——CHREMES.

Clitipho. [*To Clinia within.*] You have nothing to fear, Clinia:—They have not yet stay'd long—and you may be assur'd your mistress will come presently with the messenger you have sent for her. Let me intreat you therefore, not to alarm yourself with needless apprehensions.

Chremes. Who is it my son is talking to?

Clitipho.

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Clitipho. Here comes my father, whom I wish'd to see—I'll go speak to him.—Sir, you are come in good time,

Chremes. What has happen'd ?

Clitipho. Do you know our neighbour Menedemus ?

Chremes. I do.

Clitipho. Do you know that he has a son ?

Chremes. I have hear'd so—in Asia.

Clitipho. He is not in Asia—He is at our house.

Chremes. What say you ?

Clitipho. I met him just landing from the ship, and immediately brought him home to sup with us—for we have been intimates from our Childhood.

Chremes. You tell me good news. How I wish Menedemus had accepted my invitation to come home with me, that I might have been the first to surprize him with this unexpected joy at my house !——and it is not yet too late——

Clitipho. Take care what you do—You had better not——

Chremes. Why so ?

Clitipho. Because Clinia is as yet undetermin'd how to dispose of himself.—He is but just arriv'd—He fears every thing—His father's displeasure, and the state of his mistress's affections.—He is in love with her to distraction :—His going abroad, and all this trouble was on her account.

Chremes. I know it,

Clitipho.

Clitipho. He has just sent his servant into the city to her, and I have order'd Syrus to accompany him.

Chremes. What says Clinia since his return?

Clitipho. Says? that he is wretched.

Chremes. Wretched? Who has less reason to be so? Is there a thing upon earth, which men esteem as a blessing, that he has not? Parents, his country in prosperity, friends, family, relations, riches? And yet these are all according to the mind of him who possesses them: — If a man knows how to use them, they are blessings; if not, the contrary.

Clitipho. But the old man was always of a rigid complexion; and I fear nothing so much, as that he'll carry his resentment against his son still farther.

Chremes. He? — But I'll suppress what I know, as Clinia's dread of his father may be of service to my son. [*Aside.*]

Clitipho. You were saying something to yourself, Sir.

Chremes. I was saying, — that however the case stood, Clinia should have remain'd at home. — Granting his father to have censur'd his irregularities with a little too much asperity, he should have borne with it: — For whom can he bear with, if not his own father? Was it reasonable that *he* should live after his *son's* manner, or his son after
his?

his? And as to the particular harshness he complains of—it is not so. The severities of fathers are generally alike, and belong in some degree to those of the mildest disposition.—They do not approve of their sons going frequently to ill houses——nor of their giving frequent entertainments ;——They limit their expences :—All which tends to promote a virtuous conduct. But when the mind is corrupted by irregular passions, it necessarily becomes addicted to measures equally irregular.—Attend to this maxim, Clitipho ; “ *make yourself wise by the experience of others.*”

Clitipho. You are right, Sir.

Chremes. I will now go in and see what is prepar'd for supper : Do you, as the day is far advanc'd, take care not to be out of the way.

[*Exit Chremes.*]

Clitipho solus. What unfair judges are all fathers in regard to us young fellows !——They expect us to become old men at once from boys, without tasting those pleasures which youth naturally affects. They would regulate our desires by their own—as they now are,—not as they once were. Well, if ever I have a son—he shall find me an indulgent father. I will take every opportunity of knowing his faults——only to forgive them ; —not like mine, who is always backing his own sentiments by the examples of others.—He pesters me to death !——When he is in his cups, what

what accounts does he entertain me with of his own extravagancies? Now he says, "*Make yourself wise by the experience of others.*"—How shrewd he is! Little does he know he might as well preach to the *deaf*. Now when my mistress speaks, I am all attention. "Give me *this*, and "bring me *that*," she cries—Then I know not what answer to give her, and am the most miserable wretch existing.—My friend Clinia's amour indeed has its inconveniencies; but then *his* mistress is a girl of virtuous and modest breeding, and totally unpractis'd in the arts of a town-lady; *mine* is a proud, faucy, high-minded, extravagant princess:—Then all I have to give her is fair words—for as to money I have none—but I dare not tell her so. I met with this piece of mischief but lately, and my father as yet knows nothing of the matter. [Exit.

E

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Clinia—Clitipho.

CLINIA.

IF all had been well, I am sure they would have been here before this time; but I am afraid Antiphila has been corrupted in my absence—I have many reasons for thinking so—and the thought distracts me. Opportunity, situation, her age, and being under the conduct of a bad mother, with whom *interest* is every thing.

Clitipho. Clinia!*Clinia.* I am very miserable.*Clitipho.* Pray take care that none of your father's family sees you.*Clinia.* I will—I have an ill-divining soul.*Clitipho.* Will you be still anticipating misfortunes before you know of any?*Clinia.* Had there been none, they'd have been here before this time.*Clitipho.* They'll be here presently.*Clinia.* When will that be?*Clitipho.* You don't consider how far it is off;—
Besides, you are sufficiently acquainted with women,

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men, to know that their curling and *building up their head-dress* takes up a whole year.

Clinia. O Clitipho, I am full of fears.

Clitipho. Courage! Here comes Dromo, and Syrus with him——They'll now be here instantly.

SCENE II.

Syrus, Dromo, Clinia, Clitipho.

Syrus. Say you so?

Dromo. 'Tis as I told you, — but while we are discoursing, the ladies are left behind.

Clitipho. Do you hear, Clinia? Your mistress is just here.

Clinia. I now at last both hear, and see, and am reviv'd, Clitipho.

Dromo. No wonder they are left behind, they are so encumber'd——they have a whole troop of female attendants with them.

Clinia. I'm undone!——Whence are those attendants?

Clitipho. Do you ask me?

Syrus. We should not have left them; they bring a great many valuables with them.

Clinia. 'Tis all over with me!

Syrus. Jewels and clothes——and it grows late, and they don't know the way: — It was wrong in

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us to leave them——Run back instantly, and meet them Dromo——Haste——away.

Clinia. Wretch that I am! — from what hopes am I fallen!

Clitipho. What's the matter? What new cause have you for uneasiness?

Clinia. Do you ask? — Her attendants, jewels, clothes——when I left her with only one little servant girl——How came she by *them*, think you?

Clitipho. Hah! now I understand you.

Syrus. Good Gods! what a multitude! Our house will scarcely contain them——What eating and drinking will here be! Our old gentleman will be out of his wits——But here are the young ones, whom I was wishing to see.

Clinia. Oh heavens! whither is faith fled? Whilst I have been distractedly wandering in a strange country for your sake, Antiphila, you have enrich'd yourself, and forsaken me in my misfortunes.——For your sake, I am at this time in the utmost discredit, and have been guilty of disobedience to my father. I now grieve, and am ashamed that all his advice and admonitions on the manners of these women, were to no purpose; and that he could never prevail on me to leave her:—Which I will now do, I am determin'd; though when I might have done it with a better grace, I refus'd.—There cannot be a more miserable being than I am,

Syrus,

Syrus. He certainly has misconceiv'd the meaning of what we have been saying.—*Clinia*, the opinion you have form'd of your mistress is altogether erroneous. For both her life and affection towards you are the same as ever, as far as we can judge from every circumstance we have seen.

Clinia. What say you? Tell me, I beseech you! For there is nothing upon earth I now wish for more, than to find my suspicions groundless.

Syrus. In the first place, (that you may not be ignorant of any thing that concerns her) the old woman, who was call'd her mother, was not so.—She is dead.—This I overheard her telling the other lady, as they were walking hither.

Clitipho. Who is that other lady?

Syrus. Stay. Let me first go on with what I have begun—I shall come to that question afterwards.

Clitipho. Dispatch then.

Syrus. First of all, when we came to the house, Dromo knocks at the door; an old woman comes forth; upon her opening the door, he enters—I follow; the old woman shuts the door, and returns to her work.—The only way to know, *Clinia*, what kind of life she led during your absence, was to surprize her unawares: For that gave us an opportunity of judging of her daily employment,—the truest test of her disposition.—We found her industriously weaving the web: She was dress'd in
plain

plain mourning, for the old woman, as I suppose, who was dead.—She had none of those ornaments which women wear to please others——no artificial complexion. Her hair was loose, long, and flowing negligently about her shoulders.——Peace!

Clinia. My dear Syrus——flatter me not with false hopes, I beseech you.

Syrus. The old woman was spinning the wool, There was besides one little girl;——she was at work also, in a ragged, mean, flatteringly dress.

Clitipho. If these things are true, Clinia, as I believe they are, where is there a more fortunate man than yourself? Do you mark that little girl whom he speaks of, as being so meanly attired? It is a strong indication that the mistress is virtuous, when her confidante is in such ill plight:——For it is a maxim with our gallants, to bribe the maid in order to gain access to the mistress.

Clinia. Go on, I beseech you; but beware of endeavouring to purchase favour at the expence of truth. What said she, when you named me?

Syrus. When we told her you were return'd, and had sent for her, she instantly let go the web, and burst into tears; the effect of her extreme joy at the hopes of seeing you.

Clinia. As I live, I am transported to that degree, I know not where I am——I was so alarm'd before.

Clitipho.

Clitipho. But without cause, I knew, Clinia.
— Come now, Syrus, tell us who that other lady is.

Syrus. That other lady is—your Bacchis.

Clitipho. Ha ! What ? Bacchis ? Why you villain ! whither are you bringing her ?

Syrus. Whither am I bringing her ? — To our house.

Clitipho. What ! to my father's ?

Syrus. Yes, to your father's.

Clitipho. Oh the audacious impudence of the fellow !

Syrus. Hark'ye—“ *There can be no great or memorable action without danger.*”

Clitipho. Look to it. You are seeking to gain credit for yourself at the hazard of my life ; wherein if you make the least slip, I am ruin'd. What's next to be done ?

Syrus. Why then—

Clitipho. What then ?

Syrus. If you'll suffer me, I'll tell you.

Clinia. Suffer him.

Clitipho. I do.

Syrus. This affair is now just as if—

Clitipho. What ! Is the varlet beginning a tale ?

Clinia. Syrus, he is right—omit all digressions, and come to the point at once.

Syrus. I can no longer contain myself.—*Clitipho*, your behaviour is too injurious to be borne.

Clinia. Certainly he should be heard.—Silence.

Syrus.

Syrus. You wish to have an amour—you wish to possess your mistress—and you wish to have wherewithal to support her;—but as to running any risk in these pursuits—you desire to be excused:—Rare wisdom this of your's! if it is wisdom to wish for impossibilities. In short, you may have your wishes on these terms, or none. The conditions are before you—take your choice of the alternative:—Tho' I know that the scheme I have in hand is both a wise and a safe one—for you will have an opportunity of enjoying your mistress's company at your father's house, without fear of a discovery, while I shall find a way to get you the money you have promis'd her—to effect which, you have already deafen'd me with your importunities.—What would you have more?

Clitipho. If this can be brought about——

Syrus. If?——try it, and you'll be convinc'd.

Clitipho. Come then, let us know this scheme of your's——What is it?

Syrus. We will pretend that *your* mistress is *his*.

Clitipho. Hey-day! and what will he do with his own? is she to be call'd *his* too, as if one mistress was not a sufficient discredit to a man?

Syrus. No—she shall be sent to your mother.

Clitipho. What then?

Syrus. It would be tedious to tell you why I do this; I have a reason for it.

Clitipho. Stuff! I see no solid reason why I should run so great a risk.

Syrus.

Syrus. Stay—I have another project, if you dislike this, which you will both of you confess to be clear of all danger.

Clitipho. Ay, this is the very sort of one I wish for.

Syrus. Very well—I'll go meet the ladies, and tell them—they may e'en return home again.

Clitipho. Ha! what mean you?

Syrus. I mean to rid you of all fear, so that you may sleep securely on either side.

Clitipho. What am I to do now?

Clinia. Do? Happiness is——

Clitipho. Pray tell me truly, Syrus.

Syrus. Resolve quickly—or you'll wish you had in vain, when 'tis too late. [Going.

Clinia. Happiness, I say, is in your power,—enjoy it whilst you may—for you know not whether you may ever have such another opportunity.

Clitipho. Syrus, I say.

Syrus. Go on——I shall do as I said.

Clitipho. You are right, Clinia,—Syrus, Syrus, I say——hark ye, hark ye, Syrus.

Syrus. He's mov'd. [*Aside.*]——What would you have?

Clitipho. Come back, come back.

Syrus. Here I am—what do you want? presently you'll tell me *this* does not please you.

Clitipho. O Syrus, I commit myself, my love, and credit entirely to your direction—you are sole

judge—beware of any neglect in the discharge of your office.

Syrus. It's ridiculous enough for you to give me that caution, *Clitipho*—as if I had less at stake than yourself. If any unlucky discovery should happen, you may have words, but blows will be my lot—Be assur'd therefore, nothing shall be neglected on my part. You have only to persuade *Clinia* that *Bacchis* may pass for his mistress.

Clinia. You may depend on me—The matter is now indeed in such a situation, that 'tis a case of necessity.

Clitipho. You are truly worthy the affection I bear you, *Clinia*.

Clinia. But is there no danger of *her* making a discovery?

Syrus. She is perfect in her lesson.

Clitipho. I wonder how you could prevail on her, who is used to carry her head so high!

Syrus. I took her at a proper season, which is always a point of no small moment.—I found a poor officer of the army soliciting to spend the evening with her: She treated the man with such art, that she inflam'd his passions by refusing to gratify them—and this she did, to oblige you.—But harkye, take care you are upon your guard. You know your father, how quicksighted he is in these matters; and I know you, how unable you are to command yourself. We must have no ambiguous

biguous expressions, no side-glances—no fighing, hemming, coughing, laughing.

Clitipho. You shall commend me.

Syrus. Look to it——

Clitipho. You shall admire me.

Syrus. But how quickly the ladies are come up to us !

Clitipho. Where are they ?——Why do you hold me ?

Syrus. Bacchis is none of yours now.

Clitipho. I know it—before my father ;——but now in the mean time——

Syrus. By no means.

Clitipho. Suffer me.

Syrus. I will not.

Clitipho. But for a moment.

Syrus. I forbid it.

Clitipho. Only to salute her.

Syrus. If you are in your Senses, begone.

Clitipho. I go——But what does Clinia ?

Syrus. He stays.

Clitipho. O happy man !

Syrus. Get away. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Bacchis, Antiphila, Clinia, Syrus.

Bacchis. Truly, my Antiphila, I commend you, and think you happy in having studied to adapt

your manners to the beauty and elegance of your person : and as I live, I do not wonder that every man is enamoured of you, for your discourse has acquainted me with the sweetness of your disposition. And when I come to consider the nature of your life, and that of such as you, who do not admit a variety of lovers, I am not surpriz'd that you differ altogether from us, who do :—It is your interest to be good ;—as to us, those we converse with, will not suffer us to be so. For our lovers are allured merely by our beauty ; and when that fades, transfer their affections elsewhere ; so that if we do not make some provision in the mean time, we become destitute and deserted. Now with you—when you have once resolv'd to spend your life with a man whose manners are agreeable to your own, he becomes attach'd to you. Thus by reciprocal kindness you are entirely devoted to each other, so that no calamity can possibly happen to interrupt your love.

Antiphila. I know not what others do — For myself I know, that it has always been my study to accommodate both my inclinations and interest to those of Clinia.

Clinia, (overbearing Antiphila). Ah ! therefore, my Antiphila, you alone have brought me back to my native country ; for while I was absent, all other hardships were unfelt, save that of living without you,

Syrus. I believe it,

[*Aside.*

Clinia,

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Clinia. Syrus, I can scarce endure it :—Wretch that I am—shall I be debarr'd the possession of such truth—such tenderness?

Syrus. Nay, as far as I can judge from your father's manner, it will be some time yet before he relents.

Bacchis. Who is that young gentleman looking at us?

Antiphila. [Seeing *Clinia*] Ah! support me, I beseech you!

Bacchis. Bless me! what's the matter?

Antiphila. Oh! I die!

Bacchis. I'm terrified to the last degree! What has surpriz'd you, *Antiphila*?

Antiphila. Do I see *Clinia*, or not?

Bacchis. Who is it you see?

Clinia. [Running to embrace *Antiphila*.] The heavens preserve thee, my dear *Antiphila*!

Antiphila. And thee, my dear long-wish'd for *Clinia*,

Clinia. How dost thou?

Antiphila. I'm overcome with joy at your safe return,

Clinia. And do I hold thee once more, *Antiphila*? My soul's delight!

Syrus. Get in, get in, the old gentleman's waiting for you. [Exeunt.]

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Chremes, Menedemus.

CHREMES.

IT is now morning——why do I delay to knock at my neighbour's door, that I may be the first to apprize him of his son's return? though I know 'tis what the youth would not chuse:—But when I see Menedemus tormenting himself so miserably about his absence, shall I conceal this unexpected joy from him, especially when the discovery can be attended with no danger to his son?—I will not conceal it; for I will assist the old man in every thing I can. As I see my son assists his friend and equal, and is his confident in all his affairs, it is but just that we old men should join also in assisting each other.

Menedemus. Certainly my natural disposition is unhappily prone to misery; or the proverb, which says that time is a cure for human sorrow—is false. For my sorrow concerning my son increases upon me daily; and the longer he is absent from me, the more anxious, and desirous I am of seeing him.

Chremes. But I see him coming out of his door——I'll go speak to him. Menedemus, your servant—

vant—I bring you news which you'll be glad to hear.

Menedemus. Have you heard any thing of my son, Chremes?

Chremes. He's alive and well.

Menedemus. Where is he, pray?

Chremes. At my house——

Menedemus. My son?

Chremes. Yes.——

Menedemus. Come home?

Chremes. Certainly.

Menedemus. My Clinia come home?

Chremes. 'Tis as I said.

Menedemus. Let us go.—O bring me to him!

Chremes. He would not have you know of his return, and avoids your presence, through a sense of his fault;—besides, he fears that your former severity may be increas'd.

Menedemus. Have not you told him how it is with me?

Chremes. No——

Menedemus. Why, Chremes?

Chremes. Because 'twould be a very imprudent step for you both, was you to show him how weak and irresolute your mind is.

Menedemus. I cannot help it.—Already, Chremes, already I have acted the *severe* father long enough.

Chremes. Ah Menedemus! you are now precipitately flying from one extreme to the other——

too

too much indulgence, or too much rigour;—either of which will equally subject you to deceit and imposition. First of all, rather than suffer your son to keep a mistress, who was then content with a little, and pleas'd with any thing, you reprimanded so harshly, that he left you. She then was compelled against her will to prostitute herself for a livelihood.—Now that she cannot be supported without an intolerable expence, you are ready to give all that you are worth;—for that you may know how well qualified she is to ruin a man, she just now brought with her a train of more than ten female attendants, all laden with rich clothes and jewels.—Why, if the governor of a province had an amour with her, he could not afford to support her extravagance, much less you.

Menedemus. Is she now at your house?

Chremes. Is she, d'ye ask? I have felt that she is.—I have given her and her retinue one supper, and was I to give them another such, 'twould be all over with me; for not to mention other matters, what quantities of wine did they consume in *rasting* only!—"This wine is too rough:—" "Good Sir, let us have some of a milder flavour." I opened all my vessels, all my casks.—All my servants were tired with waiting on them:—And this was only one night.—What will become of you when they live upon you wholly? By heaven, I am miserable to think what havoc they will make with your affairs!

Mened.

Menedemus. Let him do what he will — take, consume, destroy ; I am determin'd to bear it, so only I have him with me.

Chremes. If that be your determination, I judge it a point well worth your attention, to supply him in such a manner, that he may imagine it done without your knowledge.

Menedemus. What shall I do ?

Chremes. Any thing, rather than what you now intend. — Let him have money through other hands, — suffer yourself to be deceiv'd by the subtilty of his servant. Indeed I have discover'd it is what they are about ; — they are concerting some plan together ; — Syrus is whispering with your Dromo — our sons are holding frequent consultations — and you had better lose a pound this way, than a shilling the other. — It is not the money that is to be consider'd now, but how you can give it him with the least danger : For if he once knows the state of your mind, and that you would rather sacrifice your fortune, and even your life itself, than suffer his absence, — what a door do you open to his extravagance ? Infomuch, that your life must be miserable ; “ *For we all become worse by having too much liberty.*” Whatever suits his humour, he'll not scruple to do, without reflecting whether it be right or wrong. — You'll not bear to see both him and your fortune going to ruin ; and the first time you refuse him any thing, he'll have recourse to what he knows will

have the greatest weight with you :—He'll threaten immediately to go from you.

Menedemus. You have set the matter in it's true light,——'tis really as you say.

Chremes. I have not clos'd my eyes this night, through anxiety, in studying how to restore your son to you.

Menedemus. Give me your hand——I hope you will continue to do me your good offices.

Chremes. You'll find me ever ready to serve you.

Menedemus. Do you know what I would have you now do ?

Chremes. Speak.

Menedemus. As you have discover'd that they have already begun to lay a plan for deceiving me——assist them in completing it.——I wish to give him whatever he wants.——I now wish to see him.

Chremes. I'll take care you shall.——I have a little business on my hands at present :——Our neighbours Sinus and Crito are disputing about boundaries ;——they have chosen me arbiter. I'll go and tell them I cannot attend them to-day as I had promis'd ; — I'll be here again immediately.

[Exit.

Menedemus. Do so.——Good Gods ! *That all mens minds should be so fram'd by nature, that they can see and judge of other mens affairs better than their own !* Is it that in our own concerns our judgment is blinded by the passions of joy or sorrow ?

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row ? How much wiser has he been for me in this affair, than I could have been for myself !

Chremes. [*Returning.*] I have disengag'd myself, and am entirely at your service.—I must find Syrus, and encourage him in this business.—I see somebody coming out of my house :——Go you home, lest they should discover that we have been conferring together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Syrus, Chremes.

Syrus. Seek up and down every way, Syrus,—money must be found :——The old man must be chous'd.

Chremes. [*Overhearing him.*] Did not I know what they were about ? That servant of Clinia's is rather dull, —— therefore his province is deliver'd to our Syrus. [*Aside.*

Syrus. Who is that speaking ?——I'm undone ! ——He did not hear me sure. [*Aside,*

Chremes. Syrus,

Syrus. Sir.

Chremes. What are you about here ?

Syrus. Nothing, Sir.—I wonder to see you up so early this morning, after drinking so much yesterday.

Chremes. Not too much,

Syrus. Not too much, say you? You are like an eagle, which in his old age, they say, lives solely by drinking.

Chremes. Enough, Syrus.

Syrus. A pleasant facetious woman this same courtesan.

Chremes. So she seem'd to me.

Syrus. And a good figure——

Chremes. Well enough.

Syrus. Nay, really handsome,—at least as women go now-a-days. I don't in the least wonder that Clinia is so fond of her: But his father is a covetous, miserable, dry, old——He's a neighbour of ours——D'ye know him? As if he was not worth a shilling in the world, his son was oblig'd to fly the country through absolute want.——Did not you hear of it?

Chremes. Certainly.—There's a fellow that deserves bridewell.

Syrus. Who?

Chremes. I mean the servant of the young gentleman——

Syrus. Ah, Syrus! I trembl'd for your shoulders.

[*Aside.*

Chremes. For suffering it to be so.

Syrus. What could he do?

Chremes. Do? He might have found out some means or other. He should have contriv'd some stratagem to have procur'd the young man money
for

for his mistress, and have sav'd this testy old man against his will.

Syrus. You are jesting.

Chremes. I say, this is what he ought to have done, Syrus.

Syrus. So ho! Pray do you commend those servants who cheat their masters?

Chremes. In such cases—I commend them.

Syrus. Very well indeed!

Chremes. Because it often may prevent a great deal of uneasiness.—Had this been done, his only son had never left him.

Syrus. I don't know whether he says all this in jest or earnest; but I know he makes me have ten times more mind than ever to do what I intended.

[*Afide.*

Chremes. And what does he expect now? Means he to stay till Clinia goes off a second time, thro' his inability to support his mistress?—Has he no plot on foot against the old man?

Syrus. He's a stupid fellow.

Chremes. Then you ought to assist him—for the sake of the young gentleman.

Syrus. 'Tis what I can easily do, if you give the word; for I very well know how 'tis usually done.

Chremes. So much the better.

Syrus. I never fail.

Chremes. Set about it then.

Syrus.

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Syrus. But d'ye hear?—See that you remember this, in case any thing of the kind should happen hereafter (such is the uncertainty of human affairs!) to induce your son to play the same game with you.

Chremes. I hope there will be no occasion.

Syrus. I hope so too. — Not that I say this, as having the least notion of any such affair existing at present — but in *case* — as I said before. — You know how critical a time youth is — and I can tell you, Chremes, if such an occasion should happen, I shall handle you nobly.

Chremes. We'll see to that when it *does* happen:—In the mean time do you set about what I told you. [Exit Chremes,

Syrus. I never knew my master sing so exactly in my key before; nor had I ever such an opportunity of playing the rogue with impunity. But who is that coming out of our house?

S C E N E III.

Chremes, Clitipho, Syrus,

Chremes. What is it you mean? Are these your manners, Clitipho? Is this acting as becomes you?

Clitipho. What have I done, Sir?

Chremes. Did not I see your hand in Bacchis's bosom?

Syrus,

Syrus. All's lost. [Aside.

Clitipho. Mine ?

Chremes. I saw it with these eyes——don't deny it. You treat your friend very ill in taking such liberties.——It's a monstrous affront to entertain a man at your house, and make free with his mistress :—Then in your cups yesterday, how indecent you was !——

Syrus. 'Tis very true. [Aside.

Chremes. How troublesome ! that as I live I trembled for the consequence.—I know the nature of lovers :—They are more apt to take offence than you imagine.

Clitipho. But he has a perfect confidence in me that I would not wrong him.

Chremes. Be it so :—But certainly you should go a little out of their sight :—Lovers wish to be alone—and your presence may be an interruption.—I judge so by myself.—I have not this day a friend in the world to whom I would disclose all my private transactions. Before one, the dignity of the man would restrain me ;—before another, shame ; lest I should appear either a fool or debauchee. It is the same with Clinia, be assur'd : And we must learn to accommodate ourselves on all occasions whatever, to the convenience of our friends.

Syrus. What can he say to this ? [Aside.

Clitipho. Confusion !

Syrus.

34 SELF-TORMENTOR.

Syrus. Clitipho, these are the very precepts I gave you—as was the duty of an honest and discreet monitor.

Clitipho. Pray be silent.

Syrus. Well, well.

Chremes. Syrus, I am quite asham'd of him.

Syrus. I believe it; and with reason:—His behaviour is offensive even to me.

Clitipho. Won't you be silent?

Syrus. I only speak my sentiments.

Clitipho. May'nt I be admitted into their company?

Chremes. Can you with any propriety, pray?

Syrus. Undone! He'll betray himself before I have got the money. [*Aside.*—*Chremes*, will you for once take a fool's advice?

Chremes. What shall I do?

Syrus. Bid him go somewhere out of the Way.

Clitipho. Where shall I go?

Syrus. Where?—where you please:—Leave them to themselves—go take a walk.

Clitipho. Take a walk—where?

Syrus. Pshaw! As if there was no place to walk in.—Go this way, that way, any way you like.

Chremes. He says right.—I think you had better.

Clitipho. The Gods confound thee, Syrus, for forcing me hence.

Syrus.

Syrus. Do you for the future keep your hands within bounds. [*Aside to Clitipho*].—[*Exit Clitipho.*] — D'ye observe him, Chremes? What do you think will become of him, unless by frequent reproof and admonition you take all possible care of his morals?

Chremes. That I shall do.

Syrus. But there is no time to be lost.

Chremes. It shall be done instantly.

Syrus. If you are wise—for he regards me less and less every day.

Chremes. Well—but have you done any thing in that affair I mention'd to you? Have you found out any stratagem that will do?

Syrus. You are speaking of our design upon Menedemus:—I have hit upon one just now.

Chremes. You are a diligent fellow:—Come let us know it.

Syrus. I'll tell it you—but as one incident arises from another——

Chremes. What is it, Syrus?

Syrus. This Bacchis is a very bad woman.

Chremes. So she seems.

Syrus. Nay, if you knew——observe what a piece of wickedness she has now in hand:—There liv'd here an old woman of Corinth,—to her she lent about thirty pounds.

Chremes. What then?

H

Syrus.

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Syrus. The old woman died :—She had one daughter, a young girl — whom she left with Bacchis as a pledge for the thirty pounds.

Chremes. I understand you.

Syrus. She has brought her here with her, and she is now with your wife.

Chremes. What next ?

Syrus. She is soliciting Clinia to give her this money, and says he shall have the girl as a security.—She demands the thirty pounds instantly.

Chremes. Does she really ?

Syrus. To be sure !—D'ye doubt it ?

Chremes. So I suppos'd ; — and what do you intend doing ?

Syrus. What ? I'll go to Menedemus—tell him she is a captive from Caria, rich, and of a noble family—and that he may gain a great sum by redeeming her.

Chremes. You are in an error.

Syrus. Why so ?

Chremes. I answer you for Menedemus—I'll not redeem her.—What say you now ?

Syrus. Pray speak more agreeably to our wishes.

Chremes. But there is no advantage in it.

Syrus. No advantage ?

Chremes. Certainly none.

Syrus. How so, I wonder ?

Chremes. I'll tell you — stay, stay — what makes our door fly open so suddenly ?

Exeunt.

A C T

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Sostrata, Chremes, Nurse, Syrus.

SOSTRATA.

EITHER I am much deceiv'd, or this is the identical ring I suspect it to be—the same my daughter had with her when she was expos'd.

Chremes. Syrus, what means my wife by these words?

Sostrata. Nurse, how is it? don't you think it the same?

Nurse. I said it was the same the moment you shew'd it me.

Sostrata. But have you examin'd it sufficiently?

Nurse. I have.

Sostrata. Then do you go in, and if she has done bathing, let me know it.—I'll wait here in the mean time for my husband.

Syrus. She wants you—see what it's for—she seems alarm'd—it cannot be without cause—I fear something's amiss.

Chremes. What should it be?—She's always big with some important trifle or other.

Sostrata. My dear husband!

Chremes. My dear wife!

H 2

Sostrata.

Sostrata. I was looking for you.

Chremes. Well, your pleasure?

Sostrata. I must first of all beg you to believe that I never dared act contrary to your express commands.

Chremes. Would you have me *credit* that which is *incredible*?—Well—I believe you.

Syrus. This excuse is a prelude to some misdemeanor of her's. [*Aside.*

Sostrata. You must remember, when I was once with child, you gave me a positive order, if it proved a girl, not to bring it up.

Chremes. I know what you have done—you have brought it up.

Syrus. If so, Madam, you have brought a new charge upon my master's estate! [*Aside.*

Sostrata. No—There liv'd here a decent elderly woman of Corinth—to her I gave it to be expos'd.

Chremes. O Jupiter! that any person should be guilty of such a monstrous piece of folly!

Sostrata. Alas! what have I done?

Chremes. What?

Sostrata. If I have acted wrong, my Chremes, I did it ignorantly.

Chremes. You need not have told me that—I very well know that you are always both speaking and acting ignorantly and foolishly. How many absurdities are compriz'd in this single affair! In
the

the first place, had you been dispos'd to have regarded my authority, the girl should have been dispatch'd.——You ought not to have forg'd an account of her death, whilst in reality you had given her a chance for life. But that I pass over——compassion——maternal affection——I allow it——But how well you have provided for her! What was your design? reflect.——It is evident that you have betray'd your daughter to this old woman, either for the purpose of prostitution, or to be sold publickly as a slave.——I believe you thought it no matter what became of her, so only her life was saved.——Who would have to do with such as have no principles of reason, justice, or honesty—who, be it better or worse, for them or against them, regard nothing but what squares with their inclinations?

Sostrata. My dear husband, I own I have done wrong—I am convinc'd of it.——Let me only intreat you now, that as you are wiser and more experienc'd than I am, you will be so much the more generous in forgiving me; so that your justice may be the guardian of my weakness.

Chremas. Well——This fault I forgive.——But really, Sostrata, my good-nature spoils you.——Now tell me what was the occasion of your beginning this story?

Sostrata. As we women are all foolishly and miserably superstitious, when I deliver'd the child to
the

the old woman, I drew a ring from my finger, and order'd that she should be expos'd with it; that if she died, she might not be without some part of her parents property.

Chremes. Very well—So you have satisfied your Conscience, and sav'd the child!

Sostrata. This is the very ring.

Chremes. Whence had it you?

Sostrata. From the young gentlewoman whom Bacchis brought here with her.

Syrus. Hah!

[*Aside.*

Chremes. What says she?

Sostrata. She gave it me to hold for her, whilst she went to the bath;—at first I paid no attention to it, but upon inspection, I immediately knew it, and ran to you.

Chremes. What do you now imagine, or understand relative to this gentlewoman?

Sostrata. I know not; but you may enquire of her whence she had it, if that can be discover'd.

Syrus. I'm undone! I see more hopes from this incident than I like;—if 'tis so, she is certainly ours.

[*Aside.*

Chremes. Is the woman living to whom you deliver'd the child?

Sostrata. I don't know.

Chremes. How did she tell you she had dispos'd of it?

Sostrata. As I had order'd her.

Chremes.

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Chremes. Tell me the name of the woman, that we may enquire for her.

Sostrata. Philtere.

Syrus. The very fame—She is certainly fav'd, and I am lost.

Chremes. Sostrata, follow me within.

Sostrata. How much better this matter has turn'd out than I expected!—I was afraid, Chremes, you would have been as unrelenting now, as you formerly was about exposing the child.

Chremes. “*A man cannot always be what he would wish to be, if circumstances do not admit of it.*”——Now my situation makes me desirous of having a daughter—formerly I wish'd for nothing less.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Syrus, solus.

Either my mind presages falsely, or my defeat is near at hand.—All my forces are now so miserably straiten'd on every side—unless I can contrive some means to prevent Chremes from discovering that Bacchis is his son's mistress. For as to entertaining any farther hopes of getting the money, or imagining I can cajole him—it's all a dream. I shall cry victory if I escape with a whole skin.—It makes me mad tho' to have so delicate a morsel snatched

snatch'd from my very lips so unexpectedly.—
 What shall I do next? or what shall I devise? I
 must begin upon a new plan. Courage! *Dili-*
gence masters all difficulties.—What if I go this
 way to work? 'Twon't do.—What if that? 'Twill
 be just the same thing.—But I think this way will
 succeed.—No.—Yes 'twill.—best of all.—Bravo!
 I have now the best scheme possible—I dare say I
 shall recover that same money at last, which has
 hitherto slipt thro' my fingers. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Clinia, Syrus.

Clinia. It is not in the power of fortune hence-
 forward to give me a moment's unhappiness;—such
 is the fulness of my present joy. I now give my-
 self up entirely to the will of my father, resolv'd
 henceforth to lead a more regular life than even
 he himself can desire.

Syrus. 'Tis as I thought—She is discover'd by
 these words of his. [*Aside.*] I am rejoic'd that
 this matter has turn'd out so agreeable to your
 wishes.

Clinia. My dear Syrus, have you heard it pray?

Syrus. Doubtless—I was present at the dis-
 covery.

Clinia. Did you ever hear of any man's meeting
 with so exquisite a piece of good fortune?

Syrus.

Syrus. Never.

Clinia. And let me die if I am half so glad on my own account as my Antiphila's, for whose merit no honour can be too great.

Syrus. I believe it——But now, Clinia, you must assist us in turn. Your friend's affairs must be plac'd in a state of security, lest the old gentleman discover his mistress.

Clinia. O Jupiter!

Syrus. A truce with your raptures.

Clinia. I shall marry my Antiphila!

Syrus. Will you be still interrupting me?

Clinia. What can I do?—I'm transported with joy!—pray bear with me.

Syrus. I must whether I will or not.

Clinia. We shall lead the life of Gods!

Syrus. My labour's lost, I see.

Clinia. Speak, I hear you.

Syrus. But you'll not attend.

Clinia. I will.

Syrus. I say care must be taken to place your friend's affairs in a state of security. For if you go from us, and leave Bacchis behind, the old man will immediately know that she is Clitipho's mistress; whereas if you take her away with you, it will be as much conceal'd as ever.

Clinia. But, Syrus, this will effectually prevent my marrying Antiphila; for with what face can I address my father about it? D'ye observe me?

I

Syrus.

Syrus. Certainly.

Clinia. What can I say? What excuse can I make?

Syrus. What? I don't want you to deal in falsehood; tell him the whole affair as it really is.

Clinia. What say you?

Syrus. Tell him, I say, that you are passionately in love with Antiphila, and wish to marry her—that Bacchis is Clitipho's mistress.

Clinia. What you require is just, reasonable, and very practicable——And I suppose you would have me enjoin my father to keep it a secret from Chremes.

Syrus. No. I'd have him acquaint Chremes directly with every particular of the matter.

Clinia. How? Are you mad or drunk? Why you'll absolutely ruin him. Is this the *state of security* you talk'd of?

Syrus. This plot is my *master-piece*. I swell with exultation to think I am possess'd of such exquisite force and power of subtilty, that I can deceive them both by telling the *truth*: So that when your old gentleman tells ours that Bacchis is his son's mistress,—he'll laugh in his face.

Clinia. But by this means you again destroy all my hopes of marrying; for as long as Chremes thinks that Bacchis is my mistress, he'll not trust me with his daughter. Perhaps you care not what becomes of me, so Clitipho's safe.

Syrus.

Syrus. What a plague ! D'ye think I want to have this farce acted for ever ?—One day will serve for me to get the money. I ask no more.

Clinia. Will that be sufficient ? But what if his father should know it ?

Syrus. You remember the old saying, “ What if the sky should fall ? ”

Clinia. I am afraid to go about it.

Syrus. Afraid ! As if you could not clear your-
yourself at any time, by making a full discovery.

Clinia. Come on then—Bring Bacchis over to our house.

Syrus. That's right.—Here she is.

SCENE IV.

Bacchis, Clinia, Syrus, Dromo, Phrygia & servant.

Bacchis. 'Twas impudent enough in this fellow Syrus, to bring me here with his fine pretences.—He promised me the thirty pounds ; if he deceives me, he shall entreat long enough before I come a second time—or I'll make an assignation, which he shall deliver to his master, and when Clitipho is in the height of expectation, disappoint him—Syrus's back will pay for all.

Clinia. She promises you fairly.

Syrus. But you think she jests—She'll perform what she promises, if I don't take care.

Bacchis. They're asleep sure—I'll wake them.
[*Afide.*]—Phrygia, did you observe Charinus's Villa, which the man pointed out to us just now?

Phrygia. I did.

Bacchis. Next to this farm here on the right hand.

Phrygia. I remember it.

Bacchis. Run thither full speed. The captain is feasting at that house.

Syrus. What would she be at?

Bacchis. Tell him I am here, and detain'd much against my will; but that I'll by some means or other give them the slip, and come to him.

Syrus. I'm undone!—*Bacchis,* stay, stay,—whither are you sending her?—Pray call her back.

Bacchis. Go, I say. [*To Phrygia.*]

Syrus. But the money's ready.

Bacchis. Then I stay.

Syrus. It will be deliver'd to you presently.

Bacchis. Just as you please—Do I press you for it?

Syrus. But I have something to tell you.

Bacchis. What?

Syrus. You must go over to Menedemus's, and your train must follow.

Bacchis. What do you mean, caitiff?

Syrus. Mean? To coin money for your service.

Bacchis. Do you think me a proper person to play your jests on?

Syrus. It's no jest, there's a reason for it.

Bacchis.

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Bacchis. Have you any farther business with me here?

Syrus. No;—I'll now pay you what's your due.

Bacchis. Then let us be going.

Syrus. Follow me this way.—What ho! Dromo.

Dromo. Who calls Dromo?

Syrus. Syrus.

Dromo. What's the matter?

Syrus. Lead Bacchis's train over to your house immediately.

Dromo. Why so?

Syrus. Ask no questions. Let them take with 'em all the baggage they brought hither.—The old man will hope to save charges by their leaving his house:—Little does he think, that for every shilling he saves, he'll have a pound to pay. You, Dromo, if you have any wit, don't know what you *do* know.

Dromo. I'm dumb. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Chremes, Syrus.

Chremes. As heaven shall bless me, I am concern'd for Menedemus, that such a misfortune should have befallen him, as the maintaining that woman with her train of domesticks.—Though I know he'll not feel it for some time, he was so desirous of seeing his son: But when he finds so vast a charge

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a charge repeated daily, and without end, he'll with this same son at a greater distance from him than ever.—Oh ! here comes Syrus in good time.

Syrus. I'll be with him instantly. [*Aside.*

Chremes. Syrus.

Syrus. Sir.

Chremes. How fares it with you ?

Syrus. I have been wishing to see you this hour, Sir.

Chremes. I suppose you've been busy with the old gentleman.

Syrus. You mean as to what we were talking of.—No sooner said than done.

Chremes. Indeed !

Syrus. You may depend upon't.

Chremes. I cannot forbear stroking thy head for it.—Come hither, Syrus—I'll take an opportunity of rewarding thee for this,—that I will.

Syrus. But if you knew how ingeniously I contriv'd it.

Chremes. Fie ! D'ye boast of your success ?

Syrus. Not I indeed ;—I only tell the truth.

Chremes. Well, how was it ?

Syrus. Clinia has told Menedemus, that this Bacchis is your Clitipho's mistress — and that *he* took her away with him only to blind you.

Chremes. Very well.

Syrus. What do you think of it ?

Chremes. Admirable ! I declare.

he

Syrus. Nay, if you knew all!—Observe now what a stroke of policy is yet to be play'd off:—He is to say that he has seen your daughter—that he was struck with her beauty at first sight, and wishes to marry her.

Chremes. What my daughter that's just found?

Syrus. Yes:—And he'll desire that your consent may be ask'd.

Chremes. For what purpose, *Syrus*? I don't altogether comprehend you.

Syrus. Hey! You're dull.

Chremes. Very likely.

Syrus. He'll then have money given him for the wedding to—D'ye take me?

Chremes. To buy clothes, trinkets, &c.

Syrus. To be sure.

Chremes. But I neither give nor promise my daughter to him.

Syrus. No! Why not?

Chremes. Why not?—Give her to a—

Syrus. That's as you please.—I don't mean that you should give her to him in earnest—but only counterfeit.

Chremes. I never counterfeit.—Pray manage these concerns of yours so, that I may have no concern in them. D'ye think I'll contract my daughter where I never design to marry her?

Syrus. I thought you would.

Chremes. By no means.

Syrus.

Syrus. It might be shrewdly done.——I had never undertaken this affair, but at your instance.

Chremes. I grant it.

Syrus. But however I meant it for the best.

Chremes. I very much wish to have it effected; but you must do it some other way.

Syrus. It shall be done:—We'll find out some other way.—But as to the money I told you of, which your daughter owes Bacchis, that must be paid immediately. You must not think of having recourse to any evasion; such as, “What have I to do with it?—Was it lent to me?—Did I give any such orders?—Had she a right to pawn my daughter without my consent?”—It's a true saying, Chremes, *The extreme rigour of the law is oftentimes extreme injustice.*

Chremes. I'll not do it.

Syrus. Nay, though others might refuse, you must not:—The World looks upon you as a man of character and fortune.

Chremes. Well then, I'll carry her the money myself.

Syrus. You had better bid your son do it.

Chremes. Why so?

Syrus. Because he now passes with Menedemus for her gallant.

Chremes. What then?

Syrus. His paying her the money will give the greater air of probability to this suppos'd intrigue;
and

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and I shall effect what I wish the easier. Here comes your son :—Go, get the money.

Chremes. I will.

SCENE VI.

Clitipho, Syrus.

Clitipho. *The easiest thing in nature becomes a difficulty when done with reluctance.* Even this walk of mine, though so short a one, how has it fatigu'd me !—And now I dread nothing so much as being sent *a walking* a second time to prevent my having access to Bacchis.—May all the Gods confound thee, Syrus, with thy plots and inventions together :—Thou art always devising some scheme or other to torment me.

Syrus. Go you and be——as you ought to be ! How nearly had your folly gone to ruin me !

Clitipho. I wish it had with all my heart.—You deserv'd it.

Syrus. Deserv'd it ? how ?——I'm glad I heard this before you receiv'd the money I intended giving you.

Clitipho. What would you have me say ? You went for my mistress, brought her hither, and then contriv'd that I should not come near her.

Syrus. Well, my anger's cool again :——But d'ye know where Bacchis is now ?

Clitipho. At our house.

K

Syrus.

Syrus. No.

Clitipho. Where then ?

Syrus. At Menædemus's

Clitipho. Undone !

Syrus. Courage man ! you shall presently carry her the money you promis'd her.

Clitipho. You prate like an idiot :—Whence should I have it ?

Syrus. From your father.

Clitipho. You are jesting.

Syrus. You'll find it true.

Clitipho. Then I'm a made man.—*Syrus,* I love thee infinitely.

Syrus. Here comes your father. Take care not to betray any marks of admiration at the business, — receive his directions, — do as he bids you, — and say little.

SCENE VII.

Chremes, Clitipho, Syrus.

Chremes. Where's Clitipho now ?

Syrus. Say—here, Sir. [*To Clitipho.*]

Clitipho. Here, Sir.

Chremes. Have you acquainted him with the business. [*To Syrus.*]

Syrus. Most part of it.

Chremes. Take this money, and carry it her.
[*To Clitipho.*]

Syrus.

Syrus. Hey! You stand like a statue! Why don't you take it? [*Aside to Clitipho.*

Clitipho. Please to give it me, Sir.

Syrus. Follow me this way instantly. [*To Clitipho.*]—Do you, Sir, wait here till we return:—There's no occasion for our staying long. [*To Chremes.*] [*Exeunt Clitipho and Syrus.*

Chremes. My daughter has already taken thirty pounds from me, which I consider as paid for her board;—another thirty must follow for clothes and ornaments;—after that, about three hundred more for her portion.—*How many absurd and abominable practices are sanctified by custom!* Now must I, setting all other affairs aside, look out for some man or other, and entreat his acceptance of that property I have been so long labouring to acquire.

S C E N E VIII.

Menedemus, Chremes.

Menedemus. [*To Clinia within.*] My dear son, I now feel myself the happiest man on earth, since I find you are return'd to a rational way of thinking.

Chremes. How great is his error! [*Aside.*

Menedemus. Chremes, you are the very man I was looking for;—it is now in your power to save my son, myself, and family.

Chremes. Tell me what you wish me to do for you.

Menedemus. You have this day found a daughter.

Chremes. What then?

Menedemus. My son Clinia begs your consent to marry her.

Chremes. Pray what manner of man are you?

Menedemus. What do you mean?

Chremes. Have you already forgotten what pass'd between us, concerning a scheme to get money out of your pocket?

Menedemus. I remember it.

Chremes. That very scheme is now in agitation.

Menedemus. What say you, Chremes?

Chremes. And this courtesan at your house is Clitipho's mistress forsooth!

Menedemus. So they say.

Chremes. And you believe it?

Menedemus. Certainly.

Chremes. And they say too that your son wants to marry;—that when you have consented, you may let him have money to purchase jewels, clothes, and other necessaries for the occasion.

Menedemus. That's true indeed;—The money will be given his mistress,

Chremes. No doubt of it,

Menedemus. Ah! with what false hopes have I unhappily deceiv'd myself!—Yet I had rather suffer any thing than the loss of him,—What answer shall I report from you, Chremes, that he may not perceive I have discover'd it, and so take it to heart?

Chremes,

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Chremes. Take it to heart!—Indeed Menedemus, you are too indulgent.

Menedemus. Let me be so:—It is what I have set out with:—Assist me to go on as I have begun.

Chremes. Say then you have seen me, and made proposals of marriage.

Menedemus. I will.—What more?

Chremes. That I agree to every thing;—that I approve of him as a son-in-law; and lastly, if you will, say I have contracted my daughter to him.

Menedemus. Ha! that's what I wanted——

Chremes. ——That he may the sooner ask for, and you the sooner give him what you wish.

Menedemus. I wish so indeed.

Chremes. In truth, Menedemus, as far as I can judge of the matter, you'll soon be sick of him:——But as the case is, if you are wise, you'll give him what you intend, cautiously, and by degrees.

Menedemus. I will.

Chremes. Now then go in, and see what he requires.—I shall be at home, if you wish to see me.

Menedemus. I certainly shall; for I will acquaint you with whatever I do. *Exeunt.]*

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Menedemus, Chremes.

MENEDEMUS.

I KNOW that I am not a man of extraordinary bright parts, or wonderful sagacity; but as to this assistant, monitor, and director of mine, Chremes, — he is infinitely duller than myself. — Either of the titles we give a fool, such as block-head, post, ass, dolt, will suit me well enough; — as to him, nothing can, — his folly is beyond them all.

Chremes. [*To Sostrata within.*] Pray, wife, do leave off dinning the Gods with eternal thanksgiving for the recovery of your daughter, — unless you imagine they are of the same nature with yourself, and understand nothing but what's said to them a hundred times over. — But in the mean time what makes Clitipho and Syrus stay so long at Menedemus's?

Menedemus. Who are they that stay so long as you say, Chremes?

Chremes. Hah! Menedemus, are you here? Well, have you told Clinia what I said?

Menedemus. Every syllable.

Chremes. What said he?

Menedemus.

Menedemus. He was as much overjoyed as a man could be who wish'd heartily to be married.

Chremes. Ha! ha! ha!

Menedemus. What is it you laugh at?

Chremes. My man Syrus's cunning devices just came into my head.

Menedemus. Indeed!

Chremes. The rogue has the art of making even mens faces play the counterfeit.

Menedemus. You mean that my son only *counterfeits* his joy, do you?

Chremes. To be sure I do.

Menedemus. The very same thing came into my head.

Chremes. Oh! he's a practis'd knave.

Menedemus. You'd think so indeed, if you knew more.

Chremes. Say you so?

Menedemus. Pray observe me.

Chremes. Stay—first I want to know how much money you've lost;—for when you told your son that I had given my consent, I dare say Dromo was ready to throw in a word about the new cloaths, jewels, attendants, &c. that would be necessary for the occasion—that you might give him the money for them.

Menedemus. No such thing.

Chremes. How! no such thing?

Menedemus. No, I say.

Chremes. Nor your son?

Menedemus.

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Menedemus. Not at all—He was only the more pressing to have the marriage solemniz'd to-day.

Chremes. You surprize me.—What did Syrus? did not he say any thing?

Menedemus. Not a word.

Chremes. How so?

Menedemus. Nay, I don't know,—But I wonder at you, who see other things so clearly,—Doubtless that same Syrus has made your son *play the counterfeit* to such perfection, that no one could suspect in the least that Bacchis was *Clinia's* mistress!

Chremes. What say you?

Menedemus. I omit their kissing and embracing—that I think nothing of.

Chremes. What farther—to carry on the counterfeit?

Menedemus. Pugh!

Chremes. What farther?—I beg to know.

Menedemus. Attend then. In the back part of my house there is a closet, wherein a bed was plac'd and made up.

Chremes. What next?

Menedemus. In a trice thither went Clitipho.

Chremes. Alone?

Menedemus. Alone.

Chremes. I begin to fear.

Menedemus. Immediately Bacchis follow'd.

Chremes. Alone?

Menedemus. Alone.

Chremes. I'm ruin'd.

Menedemus.

Menedemus. When they were within the closet, they shut the door.

Chremes. What! was Clinia a witness to all this?

Menedemus. Why not? We saw it together.

Chremes. Bacchis is my son's mistress, Menedemus—I'm undone.

Menedemus. Why so?

Chremes. All I am worth will scarcely keep house for ten days.

Menedemus. What! are you disturb'd that he should oblige a friend?

Chremes. Rather say a *she*-friend—

Menedemus. If it is so—

Chremes. Can there be a doubt of it? Can any man have so base and mean a spirit as to suffer his own mistress before his face to—

Menedemus. Ha! ha! ha! Why not?—To impose upon me the easier.

Chremes. D'ye laugh at me? I'm out of all patience with myself. How many signs do I now recollect whereby I might have known this before, had not I been more stupid than a stone.—What things have I seen?—Wretch that I am!—But I'll be revenged on them, if I live—I'll immediately—

Menedemus. Have you no moderation? no respect for yourself?—Have not I shewn you an example?

Chremes. I am beside myself thro' excess of passion.

L

Menedemus.

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Menedemus. Is it for you to say such words as these? Is it not a monstrous thing for you to counsel others, and shew so much wisdom abroad, while you betray such weakness at home?

Chremes. What shall I do?

Menedemus. What you reprov'd me for not doing:—make him sensible you are his father—gain his entire confidence, that he may entrust you with all his wants and desires; lest he should be tempted to seek relief elsewhere, and forsake your protection.

Chremes. Nay, let him rather go to the world's end, than by his debaucheries here bring his father to beggary. For was I to go on supplying his extravagancies, Menedemus, I should be very soon reduc'd to labour with your rakes for a livelihood.

Menedemus. How many difficulties will you bring on yourself in this affair, if you don't act with caution! You'll shew yourself to be an austere father, and yet pardon him at last, and that with an ill grace.

Chremes. Ah! you know not how deeply it affects me.

Menedemus. Well, act as you please—But what say you to my proposal? Will you marry your daughter to my son? or have you any other alliance in view more agreeable to your choice?

Chremes. Nay, both the son-in-law and alliance are such as I wish.

Menedemus.

Menedemus. What portion shall I say you intend giving with her?—What! silent?

Chremes. Portion, say you?

Menedemus. Yes.

Chremes. Ah Menedemus!

Menedemus. Come, Chremes, don't be afraid to speak, if it is but little.—Portion is no consideration with me.

Chremes. I intended giving her three hundred pounds, being the most my estate can afford.—But if you wish well to me, my estate, and son, 'tis necessary to say I have given all I am worth for her portion.

Menedemus. What are you doing now?

Chremes. You may pretend to wonder at this; and ask my son the reason of it.

Menedemus. Why really I don't conceive the reason.

Chremes. No?—To restrain his affections, which are now dissolv'd in luxury and wantonness, and reduce him to such an extremity, that he shall not know what course to pursue.

Menedemus. What mean you?

Chremes. Give me leave.—In this matter I must beg to have my humour indulged.

Menedemus. Granted.—And you would really have it so.

Chremes. I would.

Menedemus. Then be it so.

Chremes. Come, now let your son prepare, and send for the bride. As to mine, he shall have a lesson from me in such terms, as an irregular son merits from a father.—But for Syrus—

Menedemus. What d'ye design for him?

Chremes. What? If I live, I will so dress him—so trim him, that he shall remember me to the hour of his death. A knave! could he think of none but me to be the object of his sport and mockery? As I hope to live, he would not have dar'd to insult the most defenceless widow as he has insulted me. [Exeunt,

SCENE II.

Clitipho, Menedemus, Chremes, Syrus.

Clitipho. Is it possible, Menedemus, that my father can, in so short a space of time, have thrown off all the natural affection of a father? For what crime? What enormity have I, unfortunate wretch! committed? I have done nothing more than what is commonly done.

Menedemus. I know this must be very harsh and severe treatment to you who are the sufferer; and yet I take it no less ill than you, I know not why, but from the sincerity of my good-will to you.

Clitipho. Did not you say my father was near at hand?

Menedemus,

Menedemus. Here he is.

Cbremes. What charge have you against me, Clitipho? Whatever I have done, I had a view in it to you and your imprudence. When I saw you with your mind dissipated and immers'd in present enjoyments, without looking forward to the future, I conceiv'd a method to prevent you from either coming to want, or squandering my estate: And seeing I could not, through your own misconduct, make you my heir, as I naturally ought, I went to your nearest relations: To them I have committed and entrusted all: There you'll always find a sanctuary for your folly,—diet, cloathing, and a house to live in.

Clitipho. Wo is me!

Cbremes. It is better than, by making you my heir, to let Bacchis possess my estate.

Syrus. Confusion!—What a storm have I, villain as I am, rais'd undesignedly?

Clitipho. I wish to die.

Cbremes. First learn what it is to live;—when you know that, if life displeases you, die.

Syrus. Sir, may I be permitted?

Cbremes. Speak.

Syrus. But may I safely?

Cbremes. Speak.

Syrus. What injustice, what madness is it, to punish him for my misdemeanours?

Cbremes. 'Tis over.—Don't you interpose:—
No

64 SELF-TORMENTOR.

No one accuses you, Syrus; you need no asylum nor mediator.

Syrus. What is it you do?

Chremes. I am not at all angry with you or him; nor ought you to be so with me for what I am doing. *[Exit Chremes.]*

Syrus. He's gone. — Pshaw! I wish I had ask'd him one question.

Clitipho. What, Syrus?

Syrus. Where I am to get bread to eat,—since he has made us outcasts.——You, I understand, are to eat at your sister's.

Clitipho. Is it then come to this? that I am in danger even of starving?

Syrus. While there's life, there's hope——

Clitipho. Of what?

Syrus. Of good appetites.

Clitipho. D'ye jest in such a situation, and not rather assist me with some serious advice?

Syrus. Nay, that is what I am thinking of, and have been all the while your father was speaking;——and as far as I can perceive——

Clitipho. What?

Syrus. I shall have it presently.

Clitipho. What is it then?

Syrus. Thus it is—I think you are not their son.

Clitipho. What's that? Are you in your senses?

Syrus. I'll tell you what has occur'd to me;—do you judge:—Whilst they had only you in their
fight

~~fight~~——whilst they had no other favourite more nearly allied to them——they indulg'd you, gave you all you wish'd for. Now that they have found a daughter, they have found a pretence for rejecting you.

Clitipho. It's very probable.

Syrus. D'ye think that all his anger was owing to this Peccadillo of your's?

Clitipho. I do not think so.

Syrus. Attend now to another point :—All mothers usually become advocates for their sons when in fault, and shield them against their father's severity.——Here that's not the case.

Clitipho. You say true :—What therefore shall I do now, Syrus?

Syrus. Question them concerning your suspicion——speak your doubts without reserve; if they are groundless, you'll soon move them both to compassion; otherwise you'll know whose son you are.

Clitipho. Your advice is right——I'll follow it.

[*Exit Clitipho.*]

Syrus. A shrewd thought this of mine! For the less hope Clitipho has, the sooner he'll make his peace with his father on his own terms. Besides, who knows but he may marry——then who will thank Syrus?——But what do I see? The old man's coming again——I'll take to my heels. I wonder he did not order me to be instantly seiz'd
for

for what's done already. I'll go to Menedemus, and beg him to intercede for me. I dare not trust our old gentleman.

S C E N E III.

Sostrata, Chremes.

Sostrata. Indeed, my Chremes, if you're not aware, you'll drive Clitipho to some desperate action. I really wonder how so foolish a project ever came into your head.

Chremes. Oh! you will be a woman! Can I never have my own will, but I must be thwarted by you, Sostrata? Now was any one to ask you—what I have done amiss—or from what motives I have acted—you don't know: and yet you can so confidently oppose me—Ideot——

Sostrata. I don't know?

Chremes. Yes, yes, you do know—rather than hear the same thing over and over again.

Sostrata. 'Tis very cruel in you to bid me be silent in such a matter as this.

Chremes. I don't bid you—talk on;—I shall do as I design'd nevertheless.

Sostrata. Will you?

Chremes. Certainly.

Sostrata. You don't see what will be the consequence:—He thinks himself a foundling.

Chremes.

Chremes. A foundling say you ?

Sostrata. He does indeed my Chremes.

Chremes. Then do you give out that he is none of your's.

Sostrata. I !—I beseech you leave that to our enemies. Shall I say my son is not my son ?

Chremes. What ! are you afraid you cannot prove him your's whenever you will ?

Sostrata. How ? By his resembling my daughter that's just found ?

Chremes. No—by a much stronger proof than that — by his resembling you in all his humours : — 'Tis a clear demonstration that he is your's : — He is the very image of you ; for he has not a single ill quality, but you have the same : Besides, no woman could possibly have been the mother of such a son but yourself. Here he comes :—How demure ! You'll be a better judge when you know more of the matter.

SCENE IV.

Clitipho, Sostrata, Chremes.

Clitipho. If there ever was a time, mother, when I gave you any delight, when I was called your son by your own desire, I beseech you to remember it, and shew some compassion to me now poor and destitute.—I beg and intreat you to let me know who are my parents.

M

Sostrata.

60 SELF-TORMENTOR.

Sostrata. I conjure you, my dear son, let nothing induce you to think you had your being from any but us.

Clitipho. I certainly had.

Sostrata. Wretch that I am ! Do you make that a question ? So may you live happy when we are no more, as you are my son and his : And henceforth, if you love me, take care never to let me hear such words from you again.

Chremes. And d'ye hear, Sir, if you fear me, take care never to let me know such behaviour from you again.

Clitipho. What behaviour, Sir ?

Chremes. If you want to know, I'll tell you, Sir, — the behaviour of a filly, idle, cheating, drinking, wenching, profligate :—Believe me, and believe I'm your father.

Clitipho. These are not the words of a father.

Chremes. Were you sprung from my head, as they say Pallas was from Jove's, I'd not suffer myself to be disgrac'd by your debaucheries.

Sostrata. The Gods forbid !

Chremes. I know not as to the Gods ;—as far as lies in my power I'll endeavour to prevent it. You are praying for what you don't want, parents ; — what you do want, you'll not pray for — Obedience to your father, and diligence to preserve what he has labour'd to acquire.——To think of imposing on your father, and bringing before my face

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face your—I am ashamed to mention the filthy word before your mother, though you was not ashamed of what you did.

Clitipho. Oh! how totally disgusted I am with myself!! how ashamed! nor do I know what course to take to mitigate his displeasure.

SCENE V.

Menedemus, Chremes, Clitipho, Sostrata.

Menedemus. Indeed Chremes treats his son with too much rigour, and even inhumanity. I'm going therefore to be a mediator between them:—Here they are in good time.

Chremes. Well, Menedemus, why don't you send for my daughter, and settle her portion as I offer'd?

Sostrata. My dear husband, let me intreat you not to do it.

Clitipho. Father, I beseech you to forgive me.

Menedemus. Pray forgive him, Chremes,—suffer yourself to be prevailed on.

Chremes. What! shall I knowingly give all I am worth to Bacchis? I'll not do it.

Menedemus. That *we* will prevent.

Clitipho. If you wish me to live, father, pardon me.

Sostrata. Do, my dear Chremes.

Menedemus. Come, come, Chremes, don't be obstinate.

Chremes. What is all this? Well, I see I am not at liberty to do as I intended.

Menedemus. Now you act as becomes you.

Chremes. But on this condition, that he acts as I think proper.

Clitipho. Sir I'll obey you in all things:—
Command me.

Chremes. Marry.

Clitipho. Sir?

Chremes. I'll hear nothing against it.

Menedemus. I take it on myself—he shall.

Chremes. I don't hear *him* say so.

Clitipho. I'm lost! [Aside.

Sostrata. D'ye hesitate, Clitipho?

Chremes. Nay, let him take his choice.

Menedemus. He'll do as you would have him.

Sostrata. This change of life, Clitipho, at first, before you know what it is, may seem difficult; when known, 'twill be perfectly easy to you.

Clitipho. I obey, Sir.

Sostrata. My dear son, you shall have that lively girl, (I'm sure you'll like her) our neighbour Phnocrates's daughter.

Clitipho. What! that red-hair'd, grey-eyed, wide-mouth'd, hook-nosed thing?—Impossible!

Chremes. Hey-day! how delicate the gentleman is! D'ye think his mind is not elsewhere?

Sostrata.

SELF-TORMENTOR. 63

Sostrata. I'll find another for you.

Clitipho. You need not. If I must marry, I have thought of a lady I like.

Sostrata. Now I commend you, son.

Clitipho. Archonides's daughter.

Sostrata. I approve your choice.

Clitipho. One thing only now remains.

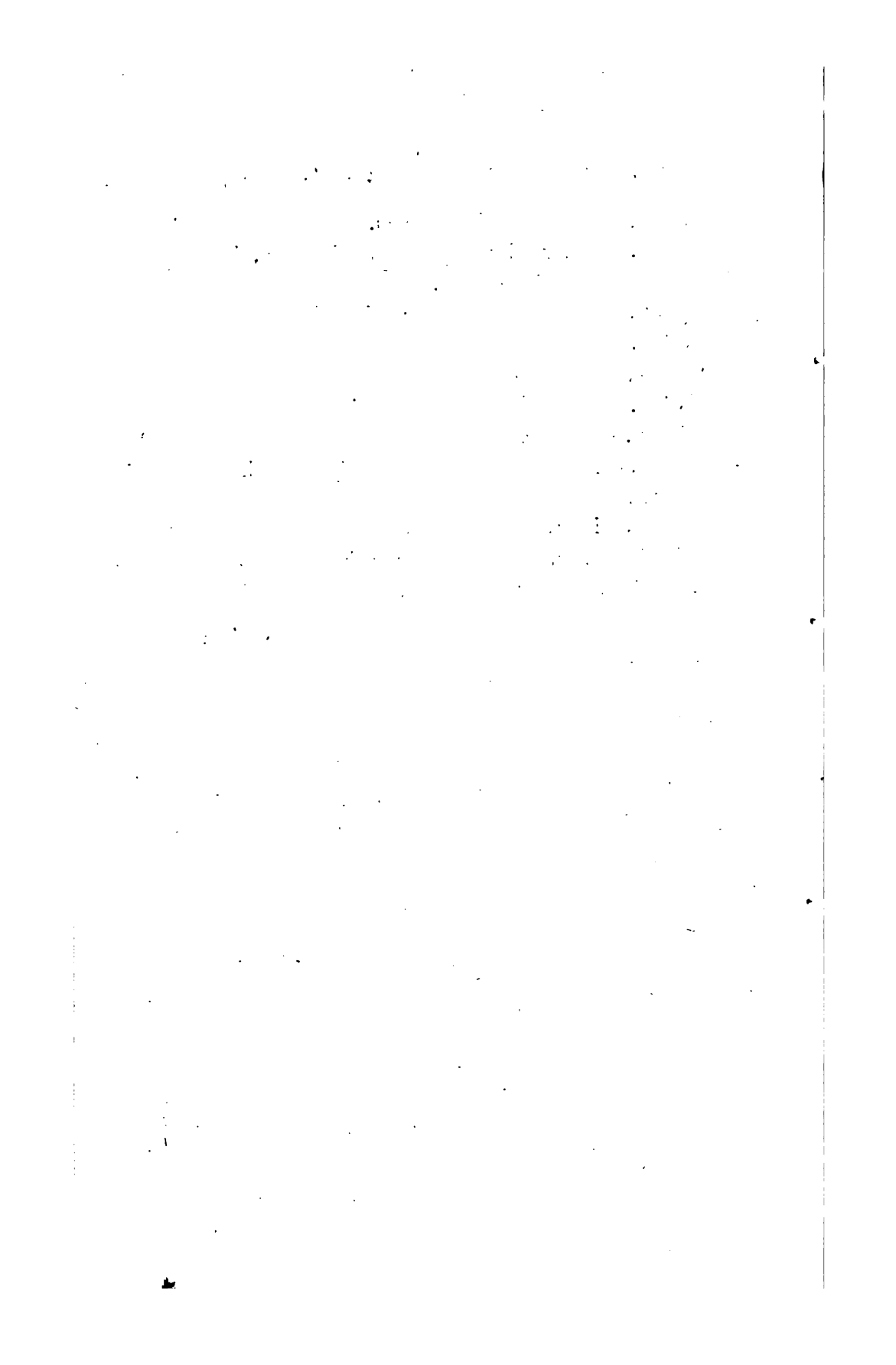
Chremes. What is it?

Clitipho. I request you to pardon Syrus all he has done for my sake.

Chremes. I pardon him.——

We bid you all farewell, and beg the favour of your applause. [*To the Audience.*]

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



T H E
A D E L P H I,

• R,

B R O T H E R S.

T H E
B R O T H E R S;

Taken from the Greek of Menander. Performed at the Funeral Games of L. Æmilius Paulus, which were appointed by Q. Fabius Maximus, and P. Cornelius Africanus. L. Attilius Prænestinus, and Minuthius Prothimus acted. Flaccus, Claudius's Freed-man, composed the music for Tyrian flutes. It was acted when L. Anicius, and M. Cornelius were Consuls.

PERSONS of the PLAY.

MICIO, }
DEMEA, } Old Men and Brothers.

HEGIO, an old Man.

ÆSCHINUS, }
CTESIPHO, } Sons of DEMEA.

SANNIO, a Procurer.

PARMENO, }
SYRUS, } Servants to MICIO.
DROMO, }

PAMPHILA.

SOSTRATA, Mother to PAMPHILA.

GETA, Servant to SOSTRATA.

S C E N E, A T H E N S.

T H E

B R O T H E R S.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Micio, calling a Servant within.

Micio.

STORAX!—Æschinus has not return'd home since the entertainment of last night, nor any of the servants who went in quest of him.—Well—it's a true observation, that whenever a man happens to stay abroad somewhat beyond his usual time, it were better that the cause of his absence should be such as a jealous wife both suspects and affirms it to be, than such as the fondness of parents suggests to their imagination.—A wife in that

case

case supposes that he is in love with some lady, or some lady with him; or that he is drinking, or taking his pleasure;—in short, that he is happy abroad, while she is wretched at home: But for my part—because Æschinus is not return'd, what thoughts disturb me! what apprehensions alarm me! that he may be seiz'd with some sudden illness, fallen down a precipice, or have broken a limb.—Heavens! that a man should so fix his affections on any object whatever, as to make it dearer to him than himself.—And yet he is not my son, but my brother's, a man whose disposition is directly the reverse of mine. I, from my earliest youth, have prefer'd the ease and elegant enjoyments of a town life, and (which some esteem a happiness) never had a wife: He, on the contrary, has always led a thrifty laborious life in the country, he married, and has two sons.—The elder I have adopted, bred him up from an infant, consider'd and lov'd him as my own—he is my sole delight, he is all I hold dear in the world. To excite in him the same sentiments of affection towards me, is my constant study; I give—I forgive; I do not judge it necessary to exercise my authority but on particular occasions; lastly, I have engag'd him to trust me with the knowledge of those youthful escapes which others make a point of concealing from their fathers: For he who has made it his practice, or will even dare to deceive his father with a lie, will
with

with so much the more effrontery attempt to impose on others. In a word, I think that children are more properly restrain'd by the sense of ingenuous shame, than that of fear. These principles are altogether repugnant to my brother's, and give him great offence. He often comes to me exclaiming, "What are you doing, Micio? why do you ruin my son? why does he intrigue? why does he drink? why do you supply him with the means for these debaucheries? you indulge him too much in dress—you are very inconsiderate in so doing."—In fact, he himself is too rigid—far beyond the line of justice or reason: And truly the man is much mistaken, in my opinion, who esteems that government more firmly established which is upheld by force, than that which is founded in affection. This is my plan, and this is my persuasion. He who is compell'd to do his duty, by the dread of punishment, will be on his guard—while he thinks himself observ'd;—but free him from the apprehension of a discovery, and he immediately gives a loose to his inclinations. On the other hand, he, whom you have secur'd by affection, acts from his heart, is ever studying to repay your kindness, and whether present or absent, will be still the same. This is the duty of a parent—to accustom a child rather to do well of his own choice, than thro' the fear of another. In this the father differs from the master: And he who knows not this, let him confess that
he

he knows nothing of the government of children.—But is not this the very man I was speaking of? 'Tis certainly he:—He seems out of humour:—I expect him to rail as usual.—Demea, I am rejoic'd to see you in good health.

SCENE II.

Demea, Micio.

Demea. Oh! you are well met—I've been seeking you.

Micio. What makes you uneasy?

Demea. What makes me uneasy d'ye ask? while I have such a son as Æschinus.

Micio. Did not I say it would be so? [*Afide.*] What has he done?

Demea. What should a man do, who knows neither fear nor shame, and sets all law at defiance?—Not to mention his former extravagancies—what an outrage has he just now committed?

Micio. What is it?

Demea. He has broke open a door—forc'd his way into another man's house—beaten the master and the whole family almost to death, and carried off a girl, whom he had a fancy for by violence. Every one cries shame on him! I know not how many stop to tell me of it in my way hither:—It is the talk of the whole town. If example could have any influence on him, does
not

not he see his brother attending closely to business, leading a frugal sober life in the country?—Do you ever hear of his doing any such thing? When I accuse *him*, Micio, I accuse *you*;—it is you that suffer him to be corrupted.

Micio. There cannot be a more absurd being than a man who has no knowledge of the world; he thinks nothing done well, but what he does himself.

Demea. Why this to me?

Micio. Because you, Demea, are an ill judge of this affair. It is no such atrocious matter, believe me, for a young man to intrigue or drink; it is not—no, nor for him to break open a door.—If neither you nor I did these things, it was because our want of money restrain'd us. You now esteem *that* a virtue, which was then a necessity.—It is not a fair way of reasoning; for had the means been given us, we should have done the same. Nay, if you would act as a man ought to act, you should suffer that other son of your's to do as mine does *now*, while his age will excuse it,—rather than have him, after the long-wish'd for day of your funeral, begin to indulge his passions, at a time of life when they will less become him.

Demea. O Jupiter!—The man will drive me mad! Is there nothing atrocious in a young man's following these courses, say you?

Micio.

Micio. Pray hear me, and do not distract my brains with endless brawling on the same subject : — You gave me your son to adopt — he became mine — if he offends, Demea, he offends against me ; — I have now the greater interest in him. — Does he feast, does he drink, does he dress, — it is at my cost : Does he intrigue ; he shall have wherewithal from me, as long as I can conveniently supply him ; — when I cannot, perhaps he may be oblig'd to seek it elsewhere : — Has he broke open a door ; it shall be repair'd : — Has he torn any clothes ; they shall be made good. I thank heaven I have a fortune to support these expences, and have not hitherto found them troublesome. — In a word, either desist, or choose some arbiter between us : I will then make it appear, that in this affair you are the more to blame.

Demea. Ah me ! Learn the feelings of a father from one who is really so.

Micio. You are his father by nature, but I have felt for him a father's care.

Demea. You a father's care ?

Micio. If you persist, I'm gone.

Demea. Will you so ?

Micio. Must I hear this for ever ?

Demea. I cannot but have a regard for my son.

Micio. I have a regard for him too : — But Demea, let each of us attend to his charge, — do you take care of your's, I'll take care of mine ; —
for

for your taking upon you the care of both, is almost the same thing as demanding him back again, whom you have entrusted to me.

Demea. Ah! Micio!

Micio. Indeed these are my sentiments.

Demea. Are they? Well then, if you will have it so, let him spend,—destroy, himself and all—it's nothing to me.—If ever I say another word—

Micio. What! again transported, Demea?

Demea. Don't you believe me? Do I demand him back? I am concern'd for him I own, — and if I sometimes interpose, I have a natural right to do so:—But—I have done.—You desire me to take care of my own — I do; and I thank heaven he is a son after my own heart; — your spendthrift will smart for it hereafter:—But I'll not be too severe on him.

Exit Demea.

Micio solus.

Micio. These things are not altogether as he represents them, nor altogether otherwise—which I own gives me some uneasiness; — but that I dare not shew him, for he is a man of such a temper, that the only way to pacify him is by resisting and overbearing him; even then he has scarcely human patience; but was I to humour, or give way to his anger, I should be as much a mad man as himself.—In fact, *Æchinus* has not treated me well in this affair:—What courtesan has he not intrigu'd with, or made some present to? At last he

C

told

told me, and but lately, that he wish'd to marry :
 I now thought he had taken a surfeit of them all ;
 —I was in hopes, the heat of his youthful blood
 was subfided ;—I was happy :—And now behold he
 has commenc'd a new amour !—I must enquire
 further into it ; and for that purpose will go and
 seek him at the Forum.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Sannio, Æschinus, with the Musick Girl and Servant.

SANNIO.

I BESEECH you, good people, help a misera-
 ble and innocent man ;— pray assist the
 distress'd.

Æschinus. [*To the Girl.*] Come hither, and place
 yourself by me :—What makes you look back ?
 there's no danger ;—he'll not touch you while I
 am here.

Sannio. I'll have her in spite of all.

Æschinus. Though he is an arrant caitiff, he'll
 not provoke me to give him a *second* beating
 to-day.

Sannio. Hear me, Æschinus,—that you may
 not pretend ignorance of my life and manners, I
 am a procurer by profession.

Æschinus.

Æschinus. I know it.

Sannio. Ay, but such a one, that I have ever maintain'd the highest degree of reputation.—You'll think to clear yourself, by saying you did not intend me any such injury;—I shall not value it a rush:—Depend on it, you'll find that no words can pay for such foul deeds:—I'll have justice.—I know the excuses you'll plead,——“I'm sorry for it;—“I'll swear you did not deserve such usage.”—When the truth is, the usage I have receiv'd is the grossest of all possible indignities.

Æschinus. [*To his servant Parmeno.*] Go you, and open the door. [*The servant opens the door.*]

Sannio. But it is to no purpose.

Æschinus. [*To the girl.*] Now step in quickly.

Sannio. [*Coming between.*] I'll prevent that.

Æschinus. Step hither, Parmeno;—you are gone too far that way; stand close to him:—That's right; now keep your eye fix'd on mine, that the moment I wink, you may give him a salute in the jaws with your fist.

Sannio. I'd fain try that.

Æschinus. [*To Parmeno.*] Now observe me:—Let go the girl. [*To Sannio.*] [*Parmeno strikes him.*]

Sannio. Oh! monstrous villainy!

Æschinus. He'll repeat it, if you don't take care. [*Parmeno strikes him again.*]

Sannio. Undone! undone!

Æschinus. [*To Parmeno.*] I did not wink ;—but however you err'd on the right side in striking him :—Now go in with the girl.

[*Exit Parmeno with the Musick Girl.*]

Sannio. What's the meaning of this ? Are you a king here, *Æschinus* ?

Æschinus. If I was a king, you should be exalted for your virtues.

Sannio. What business have you with me ?

Æschinus. None.

Sannio. Do you know who I am, pray ?

Æschinus. I don't desire it.

Sannio. Did I ever take any thing of your's ?

Æschinus. If you had — you'd have paid dearly for it.

Sannio. Then what greater right have you to take that property which I have paid for ? Answer me.

Æschinus. You had better leave off bawling before the house, — for if you persist in being troublesome, you shall be dragg'd in and whipp'd to death's door.

Sannio. A Freeman ! and whipp'd !

Æschinus. Depend upon it.

Sannio. Oh ! unexampled insolence ! Is this the country where they say all men enjoy an equal share of liberty ?

Æschinus. When you have done raving, Mr. Pimp, pray hear what I have to offer.

Sannio.

Sannio. When I, rather when you have done raving.

Æschinus. No more of that :—Now come to the point.

Sannio. What point ?

Æschinus. Will you hear me propose something that concerns you ?

Sannio. Provided what you say be just.

Æschinus. Heyday ! a pander preaching up justice.

Sannio. Granting I am a pander, the common bane of youth, a perjurd wretch, the very pest of society—yet, *Æschinus*, I never did *you* an injury.

Æschinus. You have not yet had an opportunity.

Sannio. Well, well, pray what have you to propose ?

Æschinus. You bought this girl for sixty pounds (may it never prosper with you !)—you shall have the money.

Sannio. What if I do not chuse to sell her ? will you compel me ?

Æschinus. No.

Sannio. I was afraid you would.

Æschinus. Neither do I think you have a right to sell a person that is free—for I do affirm that she is a free woman.—You have your choice—take the money, or bring your action—and so I leave you to your meditations, Mr. Pimp, till I return.

[Exit *Æschinus*.

Sannio.

Sannio. O Almighty Jove ! I now do not wonder at men's running mad thro' ill-usage. He has dragg'd me out of my house—bruise'd me all over—taken my property against my will—given me, poor unfortunate wretch ! above five hundred blows—and after all this curst treatment, he demands the girl at the same price I gave for her. Doubtless he ought to have her, since his merits entitle him to such favor—'tis but his due—well then, say I consent, provided he gives me the money : but I foresee what will be the case—whenever I fix the sum, he'll bring witnesses to prove I had sold her before.—As to the money, it's all a dream—call again by and by, or to-morrow, he'll say—I could bear that too, tho' an additional injury, if I was sure of the cash at last : For the truth is, the professors of my occupation must be content to brook whatever affronts these young gallants please to offer them—but I shall never be paid—for that all this is mere speculation.

SCENE II.

Syrus, Sannio.

Syrus. [*Speaking to Æschinus within.*] Say no more ; I'll make him glad to take the money, and think himself well us'd too. — Sannio, how is this ? I hear you and my master have had a sort of a contest.

Sannio.

Sannio. A contest indeed! never did I hear of any more *fairly* carried on—what with my being beaten, and his beating me, we were both equally tir'd.

Syrus. All your own fault.

Sannio. What could I do?

Syrus. Do? you should have yielded the point to the gentleman's will.

Sannio. I yielded my face to the gentleman's fist; what could a man do more?

Syrus. How? don't you know this maxim? that *an occasional neglect of money is the surest way to get rich*? why, you dullest of dunces, are you to learn, that had you made a few concessions to the young spark's humour, you would have been repaid with interest.

Sannio. I never buy hope for ready money.

Syrus. Then you'll never make a fortune.—Go to, Sannio, you know not how to lay baits for mankind.

Sannio. I believe that's the better way—but I never had forecast enough to refuse money whenever it was offered.

Syrus. Come, come, I know your spirit—as tho' you valued sixty pounds, so you could oblige my master—besides I hear you are going for Cyprus.

Sannio. Hah!

[*Afide.*

Syrus. That you have bought a stock of merchandize for the freight—that the vessel's hir'd—

I know

I know your mind is in suspense about this matter—when you return I hope you'll be able to settle it.

Sannio. I'll not stir a foot.—I'm undone, by Jove.—Upon this hope they have grounded their plot. *[Aside.]*

Syrus. He wavers—I've brought him into a dilemma. *[Aside.]*

Sannio. O what villainy! that this *Æschinus* should have over-reach'd me at so critical a point of time! I have purchas'd a whole complement of women, besides other goods, for Cyprus—If I do not go thither to the fair, the loss will be I know not how great;—then if I postpone this business—when I come back from thence 'twill be a lost case—ay, ay, 'twill be all over—the matter will be cold.—Are you come at last, they'll say? why did you delay it? where have you been?—that I had better lose the whole sum, than either stay here for so long a time, or begin a prosecution when I return. *[Aside.]*

Syrus. Well, *Sannio*, have you finish'd the calculation of your gains?

Sannio. Is this the behaviour of a gentleman? is it not a disgrace to *Æschinus*, that he should endeavour to strip me of my property by oppression?

Syrus. He gives ground. *[Aside.]* I have one thing to offer—tell me whether you approve it or not. Rather than run any risk of losing the whole—what think you of compounding for half?

half?—he'll be able to collect that by some means or other.

Sannio. Ah wretched Sannio!—I am now in danger of losing even the principal.—Has he no sense of shame? he has loosen'd all my teeth; beat my head 'till it's a fungus all over; and does he want to defraud me too?—I'll stay at home.

Syrus. Just as you please.—Have you any thing more to say before I take my leave?

Sannio. Nay, nay, Syrus, notwithstanding what's past, rather than go to law—let him e'en pay me my own—at least what she cost me.—I know, my dear Syrus, you have not yet made trial of my friendship—but depend on it you shall find that I can both remember and repay a benefit.

Syrus. I'll try what I can do—but yonder comes Ctesipho—he's in high spirits about his mistress.

Sannio. What say you to my request?

Syrus. Stay a little.

SCENE III.

Ctesipho, Syrus.

Ctesipho. When a man stands in need of assistance, it is acceptable from any hands; but it is doubly acceptable from his to whom you would wish to owe an obligation. O my dear brother! how shall I praise you sufficiently? this I am sure of—that the highest encomiums I can reach must

D

fall

fall far short of your deserts. In this particular I esteem myself eminently fortunate—in having a brother possessed of every quality that is valuable in man.

Syrus. Oh! Ctesipho!

Ctesipho. My dear Syrus, where's Æschinus?

Syrus. Where? waiting for you at home.

Ctesipho. Ha!

Syrus. What's the matter?

Ctesipho. What? 'tis owing to him, Syrus, that I am, this day alive—generous Æschinus! he has suffer'd my interest to supersede every consideration of his own, and has taken the whole scandal and discredit of my amour and imprudence upon himself—what could exceed so noble an act of friendship?—but the door opens—who is it?

Syrus. Stay, Stay, 'tis Æschinus himself.

SCENE IV.

Æschinus, Sannio, Ctesipho, Syrus.

Æschinus. Where is the Scoundrel?

Sannio. Meaning *me*.—Has he brought the money with him?—Death! I see none.

Æschinus. [To *Ctesipho*.] Hah! well met—I was looking for you—how is it, Ctesipho? all's safe: come, come, no more melancholy looks.

Ctesipho. No, truly, since I have found such a brother. O my Æschinus!—O my dear brother! —But

~~—~~But I dare not praise you to your face, lest you should deem it rather flattery than truth.

Æschinus. Go, you simpleton! as though you and I were upon a footing that requir'd ceremony. I am only sorry you did not let us know of it sooner, for the matter was almost so far gone, that all the world could not have assisted you, if they would.

Ctesipho. Modesty prevented me.

Æschinus. Modesty! rather say folly—to think of flying the country about such a trifling affair—fye for shame! the Gods forbid.

Ctesipho. I own I was to blame.

Æschinus. Well, what says Sannio to us at last?

Ctesipho. The monster's become tame.

Æschinus. I'll go to the Forum and discharge him:—do you, Ctesipho, step in and visit your mistress.

Sannio. Now, Syrus, intercede for me.

[*Aside to Syrus.*

Syrus. Let us go instantly—he's in haste for Cyprus.

Sannio. Not in any violent haste—tho' I have nothing to do here, but wait for the money,

Syrus. You shall have it, never fear.

Sannio. What all?

Syrus. Yes, all—say no more, but follow us.

Sannio. That I will.

Ctesipho. Hark ye, Syrus.

Syrus. What is it?

Ctesipho. Let me intreat you to dispatch that dirty fellow as soon as possible,——left, in case of another quarrel with him, the affair should come to my father's ears;——I should then be utterly undone.

Syrus. That shall not happen——have courage;——now go and entertain yourself with your mistress——order the cloth to be laid, and things to be got ready for dinner;——as soon as this business is settled, I'll return with provisions.

Ctesipho. Pray do so:——This day shall be crown'd with festivity for our success.

A C T III.

S. C E N E I.

Sostrata, Canthara,

SOSTRATA.

DEAR Nurse, how d'ye think she goes on?

Canthara. How? In a fair way, I hope.

Sostrata. Her pains are already beginning.

Canthara. You are as fearful as though you had never been present on such an occasion before;——never been in the same situation yourself.

Sostrata. Wretch that I am! I have not a person at home——we are quite alone——Geta is not here——and

—and I have no one to go for the midwife, or call Æschinus.

Canthara. Depend on it he'll be here presently, —there's never a day that passes, but he visits us.

Sostrata. He is the sole comfort of my affliction.

Canthara. As the case is, my dear mistress, it could not have fallen out better than it has : Since Pamphila has met with this misfortune, it is a happiness that it came to her by a man of such principles, such a disposition, and such a family as Æschinus.

Sostrata. True, Nurse :—The Gods preserve him for us in safety !

SCENE II,

Geta, Sostrata, Canthara.

Geta. So desperate now is our condition, that if all the world were to make it their study to find a remedy for the mischief that has befallen myself, my mistress, and her daughter—they could devise no relief. We are involved in such a variety of distresses, that to extricate ourselves is a thing impossible : Rape, poverty, injustice, desertion, infamy !—Is this an age to live in ? O abominable villainy ! — O degenerate times ! — O that accursed Æschinus !——

Sostrata. Good heavens ! what makes Geta in such a fearful agitation ?

Geta.

Geta. Whom neither promises, nor oaths, nor compassion could move or restrain ;—nor even the present affecting situation of her whose honor he had violated by force.

Sofrata. I understand not what he is talking of.

Canthara. Pray let us draw nearer to him.

Geta. Ah wretched Geta ! I am almost beside myself—I am so transported with rage. I wish for nothing more, than to have the whole family in my power, that I might give vent to my fury before it cools. I should be satisfied could I wreak my vengeance on them : First, I'd murder the old man, for giving birth to such a monster ;—then for that arch villain, Syrus, Gods ! how I would tear him peace-meal !—I would lift him up aloft, then dash his head against the earth, and scatter his brains in the high-way ;—as to the young traitor, I would pull out his eyes, and afterwards hurl him headlong down a precipice ;—for the rest, I'd fly at 'em, drive 'em, drag 'em, pound 'em, and trample 'em under foot.—But why don't I instantly acquaint my mistress with this affair ?

Sofrata. Let us call him back——Geta——

Geta. Pugh ! whoever you are don't trouble me,

Sofrata. Your mistress calls you.

Geta. Where is she ? Dear Madam, I have been wishing to see you,—'twas you I was in quest of,——I'm glad I have met with you,

Sofrata.

Sostrata. What's the matter? What makes you tremble?

Geta. Woe is me!

Sostrata. Dear Geta, why in such haste? Recover your breath.

Geta. We are absolutely——

Sostrata. Absolutely what?

Geta. Undone—irreparably!——

Sostrata. For heaven's sake! what's the matter?

Geta. Just at this instant——

Sostrata. What, Geta?

Geta. *Æschinus*——

Sostrata. What of him?

Geta. Has forsaken our family.

Sostrata. Then we are undone indeed!——For what reason?

Geta. He's in love with another woman.

Sostrata. I'm utterly ruin'd!——

Geta. He made no secret of the matter;——he took her by force from a procurer at mid-day.

Sostrata. Are you certain of this?

Geta. Certain!——I saw it myself.

Sostrata. Ah! miserable *Sostrata*! what can'st thou trust to, or whom can'st thou confide in?——Can this be our *Æschinus*—the very soul of us,——in whom all our hopes of happiness were center'd?——Can this be he, who has so often sworn he could never live a day without his *Pamphila*;——that he would place the infant on his father's knees,

knees, and thus intreat his permission to make her his wife ?

Geta. Dear mistress, forbear weeping, and consider what course we shall pursue ; — shall we bear this injury in silence, or make it known ?

Canthara. Are you in your senses, Geta ? Is this a matter to be made known ?

Geta. I think not : — First, that Æschinus has forsaken us—is a clear case : — Now if we make the affair known I foresee he'll deny it ; by which means your reputation and your daughter's life will be endanger'd : But supposing he confesses it, 'twill be improper to give him Pamphila, while he has this other connection. Therefore consider the matter in what view you will, I think you had better conceal it.

Sofrata. Ah ! by no means ! — I'll not consent to it.

Geta. What then will you do ?

Sofrata. Divulge it.

Geta. Dear Madam, consider what you are about.

Sofrata. The matter cannot be in a worse situation than it is at present : — First, she has no portion ; — then that which was a substitute for a portion, her honour, is lost : — She cannot pass for a virgin. This is the only hope I have left : — If he denies it, I have a ring he lost to produce in evidence of the truth. In a word, Geta, as I am conscious of my own innocence, and that nei-
ther

ther myself nor my poor child have been influenc'd in this affair by interest, or any other unworthy consideration, I am determin'd to bring it to a legal trial.

Geta. Well then I agree that you had better divulge it.

Sofrata. Go therefore as fast as possible, and acquaint her kinsman Hegio with every particular of the matter; for he was a sincere friend to my dear Simulus, and has always shown us the highest regard.

Geta. Truly no one else shews us any regard at all.

Sofrata. Do you, nurse, make haste and bring the midwife, that she may be here in readiness.

SCENE III.

Demea, solus.

Distraction! I hear that Ctesipho assisted his brother in forcibly carrying off this girl:—Should that be the case; should Æschinus have been able to corrupt his innocence, and make him the companion of his debauchery, my misery were complete. Where shall I enquire for him? I fear he's at some brothel;—doubtless that profligate has decoy'd him thither:—I see Syrus coming this way, I shall now learn where he is, — but he's one of the gang,

E

—if

—if he perceives I am seeking him, he'll not tell me—a rascal! I'll dissemble my purpose.

SCENE IV.

Demea, Syrus.

Syrus. We just now told the old gentleman every circumstance of the adventure;—never did I see any one more highly delighted.

Demea. O Jupiter! the folly of the man!

Syrus. His son he commended;—me, who projected the scheme, he honour'd with thanks——

Demea. I shall burst,

Syrus. He told down the money instantly, and threw in a piece or two besides for an entertainment on the occasion:—That I have laid out agreeably to the intention of the donor.

Demea. So! if you wish to have any thing done well, commit it to this gentleman's care.

Syrus. Ha, Demea! I did not see you:—How is it with you?

Demea. How should it be? I can't sufficiently admire your method of living here.

Syrus. Silly enough, and, to say truth, altogether absurd.—Dromo, clean the rest of the fish immediately;—let that large Conger-eel play a little in the water,—when I come back it shall be boned—not before.

Demea.

Demea. Such infamous behaviour! —

Syrus. Indeed I myself am quite scandaliz'd at it, and often cry out — Stephanio, take care the salt fish be well water'd.

Demea. Good heavens! has he any design in it? or does he think to gain credit by ruining his son? — Alas! alas! I think I see the day when Æschinus will be oblig'd to fly for want, and enlist himself a soldier.

Syrus. O Demea! that is being truly wife, — not only to see that which is present, but also to foresee that which is to come.

Demea. What! is the Singing-girl with you?

Syrus. Ay, she's within.

Demea. So, so! and is he to keep her at home?

Syrus. I believe so; such is their madness!

Demea. Is it possible?

Syrus. A very imprudent lenity, and weak indulgence in the old man,

Demea. Alas! the misconduct of my brother overwhelms me with grief and shame.

Syrus. Ah, Demea! there is a wide difference, — think not I say this because you are present, — there is a very wide difference between you two; — You are from top to top wisdom all over, — he a mere dreamer: — Would you have suffer'd your son to have perform'd such an exploit.

Demea. I suffer'd him? would not I rather have smelt it out at least six months before he had even attempted it?

Syrus. Need I be told of your vigilance?

Demea. Heaven grant he may ever continue the same he is at present!

Syrus. It is the instruction of the father that forms the manners of the child.

Demea. Well, but Syrus, have you seen him to-day?

Syrus. Your son d'ye mean? (I'll fend him instantly out of town.) [*Aside.*] He's busy in the country by this time.

Demea. Are you sure he is there?

Syrus. Sure? when I saw him part of the way myself——

Demea. I'm happy. — I was afraid he might have been loitering somewhere here about.

Syrus. And extremely angry too——

Demea. Why so?

Syrus. He had high words with his brother at the Forum about this Singing-girl.

Demea. Indeed!

Syrus. Yes, indeed had he; — he did not spare him, I assure you; — for just as we were telling out the money, the gentleman surprizes us unexpectedly, and begins exclaiming, “Æschinus, are these your scandalous doings? — Are you not
“ a sham'd

“ asham’d to bring so much disgrace on your family?”

Demea. Oh! oh! I weep for joy.

Syrus. “ You’re not only squandering your money, but your very life and reputation.”

Demea. Heaven preserve him, I pray! — He is the image of his forefathers.

Syrus. Ay, ay, that he is——

Demea. Syrus, he is full of these morals.

Syrus. And well he may,——he needs not go from home to learn them.

Demea. I am always instructing him—I spare no pains—I train him up to them:—In a word, I bid him look into the *lives of others* as into a *mirror*, and thence draw an example for his own.

——Do this, say I——

Syrus. Good——

Demea. Avoid that.

Syrus. Better still.

Demea. This is right.

Syrus. The very thing!

Demea. That’s wrong.

Syrus. Admirable!

Demea. Furthermore ——

Syrus. Faith, I’m not at leisure to hear your *furthermore* just at present:——I have an excellent dish of fish here, and must take great care they are not spoil’d; for that were as great a crime in me, *Demea*, as ’twere in you to omit the precepts
you

you have just laid down. — I also, according to my poor abilities, lay down precepts for my fellow servants in the very same vein; this is too salt, — that's quite burnt up, — this is not wash'd enough, — that's very well done; be sure to remember it another time; — I am always instructing them to the best of my judgement, — In a word, Demea, I bid them look into their *dishes* as into a mirror, — and thus set before their eyes the several branches of their duty. I am sensible these maxims are trifling enough, — but what can a man do? We must suit the lectures to the pupil, — Have you any further commands?

Demea. That you reform your lives.

Syrus. You are for the country, I suppose?

Demea. Directly.

Syrus. For what should you do here, where, preach never so wisely, your doctrine is thrown away? [Exit.]

Demea. Ay, truly I'll leave this town, since he, for whose sake I came hither, is return'd into the country: — He is my sole care, — he is indeed my son. Since my brother will have it so, let him look to the other himself, — But who is that I see yonder? Is not it Hegio of our tribe? 'Tis certainly he, if my eyes don't deceive me, — Ah, he is one I have had a friendship for from a child! — Good Gods! how scarce are such citizens as he now-a-days! A man of the true old fashion'd virtue

virtue and honesty. On such patriots depends the safety of the common wealth. How I rejoice to see that there are yet a few of this race remaining! —Now I feel some pleasure in life. I'll stay here to ask him how he does, and have some conversation with him.——

SCENE V.

Hegio, Geta, Demea, Pamphila.

Hegio. Immortal Gods! a most dishonourable action, Geta! I cannot believe it.

Geta. 'Tis too true.

Hegio. That so ignoble a deed should spring from so noble a family! O Æschinus! this is not following your father's example.

Demea. So, so! he has heard of this Singing-girl too, and it affects him, though a stranger; —yet this father of his thinks it a mere matter of indifference, —Alas! alas! wou'd he were near to hear all this.——

Hegio. If they refuse to make you satisfaction, they shall not escape so easily.

Geta. All our hopes, *Hegio*, are in you; —you are our only friend, guardian, father; —to your protection the good old *Simulus* commended us on his death-bed; —if you forsake us, we are undone indeed.

Hegio.

Hegio. Ah, do not name it! — I never can forsake you—my conscience abhors the thought.

Demea. I'll go speak to him :—*Hegio*, I rejoice to see you well.

Hegio. *Demea*, your servant ;— you are the man I was seeking.

Demea. Any particular business ?

Hegio. Your elder son *Æschinus*, your brother's by adoption, has committed an action unworthy of an honest man or a gentleman.

Demea. What has he done ?

Hegio. You knew my old friend and acquaintance *Simulus* ?

Demea. Perfectly well.

Hegio. He has debauch'd his daughter.

Demea. Hah !

Hegio. Stay, *Demea*, the greater injury remains yet untold.

Demea. The greater injury, say you ?

Hegio. Ay, the greater injury ; for this might in some degree have been excus'd : The time of night, love, wine, youth, are strong incitements ; —call it a human frailty. —As soon as he became sensible of his guilt, he came voluntarily to the mother of the girl, weeping, praying, intreating, vowing, swearing he would marry her :—The affair was pardon'd, conceal'd, and left to his honor ; —the girl prov'd with child ; —this is the tenth month : —The worthy gentleman has

now

now provided him a finging-girl, Heav'n preserve her!—and intends discarding the other, to live with *her*.

Demea. Are you well assur'd of this?

Hegio. The mother, the girl, are ready to prove it—nay, the thing speaks itself;—besides, this *Geta* here, a man of much more worth and diligence than men of his class in general, maintains them—he supports the whole family; take him, bind him, force the truth from him.

Geta. Nay, *Demea*, torture me if it be not true:—*Æschinus* himself will not deny it—bring me before him.

Demea. I am cover'd with shame,—and what to do or what to answer I know not.

Pamphila. O me! I am rack'd with pains——
Juno Lucina, help, save me, I beseech thee.

Hegio. What! is she in labour?

Geta. She is, Sir.

Hegio. Ah *Demea*! this young creature now particularly implores your protection—let her obtain that from your generosity which she is entitled to by law: May Heav'n inspire you to act as justice requires!—But if you entertain other sentiments, *Demea*, I will defend the cause of her and her deceas'd father, to the utmost extent of my ability. He was my kinsman: together we were brought up from children—together we went to the wars——together we return'd home—to-

F

gether

gether we have suffer'd the extremes of adversity. I will therefore try, endeavour, strain every nerve, nay lay down my life itself, rather than leave these poor women defenceless.—What is your answer?

Demea. I'll go seek my brother, Hegio, and consult with him what measures are the properest to be pursu'd.

Hegio. But, Demea, let this reflection be ever attended to :—the more easy you are in your circumstances, the more powerful, wealthy, fortunate, and noble you are ; so much the stronger are your obligations to act according to the dictates of justice, if you wish to be esteem'd as men of virtue and probity.

Demea. Well ; return to them, and be assur'd every thing shall be done which justice requires.

Hegio. Spoken like a man of honor !——Geta, conduct me hence to Sostrata. [Exit.

Demea. All this is no more than I foretold—I wish it may rest here—such absurd indulgence must needs produce some horrible mischief in the end. I'll go find out my brother, and discharge my indignation on him instantly. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

Hegio, to Sostrata within.

Set your heart at rest, Sostrata, and administer to your daughter all the comfort in your power—
mean

mean time I'll find out Miclo, if he is at the Forum, and acquaint him with every particular of the affair:—if he will do his duty by you voluntarily, well—if not, let him declare his intentions, that I may know at once what course to pursue.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Ctesipho, Syrus.

CTESIPHO.

MY father gone into the country, say you?

Syrus. Ay, long ago.

Ctesipho. Dear Syrus, tell me truly.

Syrus. I tell you he is at his farm, and I dare say, by this time, busy at work.

Ctesipho. I wish to heav'n (provided 'twere attended with no prejudice to his health) that he may so thoroughly fatigue himself as to be confin'd to his bed these three days!

Syrus. Heav'n send it—and something better still, if possible!

Ctesipho. With all my heart—for I have a most violent desire to pass the whole day here, in pleasure and festivity, as we have begun it. And there is nothing for which I hate that country seat of his so much as it's being so near town:—was it at a greater

greater distance, night would overtake him before he could return ;——now I know very well, that as soon as he learns I am not there, he'll set out for town again immediately ; — then his first question will be, Where have you been, Ctesipho, that I have not seen you all this day ?——What answer shall I make ?

Syrus. Does none occur to you ?

Ctesipho. None.

Syrus. I'm sorry for it—have you never a client, friend, or guest ?

Ctesipho. Yes ; what then ?

Syrus. You have been engag'd with them.

Ctesipho. When I have not been engag'd ? that will never pass.

Syrus. It will.

Ctesipho. Ay, for the *day* I grant you ; but if I spend the *night* here, what excuse will serve then, Syrus ?

Syrus. Ah ! I wish 'twas the custom to be engag'd with friends all night, as well as all day ;—but make yourself easy, I am such a perfect master of your father's humour, that I can sooth him from the fiercest transports of rage to the gentleness of a lamb.

Ctesipho. How ?

Syrus. He delights to hear you prais'd—I make a very God of you to him—I recite a catalogue of your virtues.

Ctesipho. My virtues ?

Syrus.

Syrus. Your's—immediately the tears fall from him as from a child, for pure joy—but have a care.——

Ctesipho. What's the matter?

Syrus. The wolf in the fable——

Ctesipho. What! my father?

Syrus. Here he comes.

Ctesipho. What shall we do, Syrus?

Syrus. Get you in——I'll see to that.

Ctesipho. If he asks for me,—you have not seen me to-day——d'ye hear?

Syrus. Hold your tongue.

SCENE II.

Demea, Ctesipho, Syrus.

Demea. What an unfortunate being am I!——first, my brother's no where to be found—then, while I was looking for him, I met one of my workmen just arriv'd from the country, who tells me Ctesipho is not there——what to do next I know not——

Ctesipho. Syrus!

Syrus. What?

Ctesipho. Does he ask for me?

Syrus. Yes.

Ctesipho. Undone!

Syrus. Courage, man!

Demea,

Demea. Plague take it! what ill luck is this? —I cannot conceive what it means—only that I seem destin'd from my birth to nothing but misery. —I am the first to feel our misfortunes, the first to know of them, the first to apprise my brother of them; and whenever they happen, I am the only one that bears the weight of them.

Syrus. I cannot forbear laughing to hear him; he says he is the first to know *every thing*, when in fact he is the only one that knows *nothing*.

Demea. I'll now go and see whether my brother be yet come home.

Ctesipho. Pray take care, Syrus, he does not rush in upon us unawares.

Syrus. Peace,—I'll take care.

Ctesipho. I'll not depend on your management for that,—but shut myself up immediately with my mistress in some closet—that's the safest way. [*Exit.*]

Syrus. Do so—I'll dispatch the old man, nevertheless—

Demea. But see! that rascal Syrus!

Syrus. [*Aloud.*] By Jove there's no living here if this be the case! —I would gladly know how many masters I have——what a curst condition is mine!

Demea. What's the fellow muttering! what does he mean? Hark ye, good Sir, is my brother at home?

Syrus. Pray don't *good Sir* me —'sblood! I'm undone!

Demea.

Demea. What's the matter?

Syrus. The matter! Ctesipho has been beating me and the poor finging-girl almost to death.

Demea. What say you?

Syrus. What!—see how he has gash'd my lip.

Demea. How so?

Syrus. He says 'twas at my instigation that this girl was bought.

Demea. Did not you tell me just now, that you saw him part of the way into the country?

Syrus. I did—but presently he came back, raving like a madman—he show'd no mercy;—was it not a shame for him to beat me, an old man, when 'twas but the other day I carry'd him about in my arms, scarcely thus high?

Demea. I commend thee for it, Ctesipho,—thou show'st the spirit of thy father. Go—thou'rt a man.

Syrus. Commend him for it!—'Faith he'll do well to keep his hands to himself another time.

Demea. 'Twas a brave action.

Syrus. A brave action truly! to beat a poor woman, and me, a slave, who did not dare resist—a wond'rous brave action indeed!

Demea. He could not have done better:—*He* perceiv'd, as well as myself, that you were at the head of this affair. But is my brother within?

Syrus. No.

Demea. I'm thinking where to look for him.

Syrus.

Syrus. I know where he is—but I'll not tell to-day——

Demea. What's that you say?

Syrus. I have said.

Demea. I'll break your head for you this moment.

Syrus. I can't tell the man's name he's gone to, but I know the place.

Demea. Tell me the place then?

Syrus. D'ye know the portico, down this way, close to the shambles?

Demea. I do.

Syrus. Go directly up that street, and at the end there is a hill, go down that, afterwards on that side you'll see a chapel, and next to that a narrow lane.

Demea. Whereabout?

Syrus. Just by the great fig-tree.

Demea. I know it.

Syrus. Well, go through that lane.

Demea. But that lane is no thorough-fare.

Syrus. That's true, by Jove! what a blockhead I am! I mistook. Well, return to the portico;—this is a much nearer way, and more easily found:—You know Cratinus's house, the rich man?

Demea. I do.

Syrus. When you have pass'd that, go directly down the street on your left hand—when you come to Diana's temple, turn to the right—before

fore you reach the city gate, just by the pond, there is a baker's shop, and opposite that a joiner's, there you'll find him.

Demea. What is he doing there?

Syrus. He has order'd some oaken-legg'd tables to be made, to stand in the sun.

Demea. For you to carouse upon—rare management truly!—but why do I stay here? I'll go after him instantly. *[Exit.]*

Syrus. Do so—Faith I'll exercise your limbs this day as you deserve, you surly old dotard.—*Æschines* stays intolerably—the dinner's spoiling. As to *Cleopho*, he's devoted entirely to his mistress.—It's time for me to take care of *Syrus*—I'll now go and choose out all the nicest bits for myself, and taking off my cups at my ease, enjoy each moment of the live-long day. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

Micio, Hegio.

Micio. I really cannot see any thing in this matter, *Hegio*, that entitles me to such large encomiums. — To redress the sufferings my family has caus'd, is no more than my duty;—unless perhaps you thought me one of those men, who, after they have injur'd you, resent your expostulations as an affront, and turn accusers in their own defence;—because I have not acted in that manner, do I deserve such mighty thanks?

G

Hegio.

Hegio. Ah, Micio! speak not thus—I never thought you other than you are; but let me beg you to accompany me to the mother of the girl, and repeat to her what you have just told me, that this suspicion of *Æschinus's* fidelity arose merely from an intrigue between his brother and this finging-girl.

Micio. If you think I ought, or that there is a necessity for it, let us go.

Hegio. You cannot do a better deed; for you will give life to her who now languishes under extreme sorrow and affliction; and in so doing you will have discharg'd every duty of humanity. But if you had rather decline a personal interview, I will relate to her all that you have been saying.

Micio. Nay, I'll go myself.

Hegio. Generously resolv'd! *people in adversity are, I know not how, all apt to be suspicious*—they interpret every thing as an affront, and through a consciousness of their helpless condition, they always fancy themselves treated with contempt;—'twill be therefore more satisfactory to them if you clear up the affair yourself.

S C E N E IV.

Æschinus solus.

Distraction! that this misfortune should so surprize me unawares, that I know not what course
to

take, nor how to act! My limbs quake thro' fear—my faculties are lost in apprehension—I am incapable of forming any purpose or resolution.—Heav'n's! how shall I extricate myself from this perplexity?—So grievous is the suspicion I now lie under, and that not without reason:—Sostrata believes that I have purchas'd this singing-girl for *myself*:—this I have learnt from the old woman—for as she was going hence for the midwife, I came up to her, how is Pamphila I enquir'd, is she in labour? is the midwife sent for?—Away, away, Æschinus, she exclaims, you have deceiv'd us enough already—already we have trusted too much to your honor.—Ha! said I, what is the matter, I beseech you?—Farewell, she cries, go to her you *love*.—I instantly guess'd their suspicion, but restrain'd myself from telling that gossip any thing of my brother, lest she should divulge it.—And now what is to be done? shall I say she is my brother's?—that must by no means be discover'd—but I wave that—It is possible it may not be discover'd—I am afraid they will not believe it—probabilities are so strong against it: 'Twas I that forc'd her away—'twas I that paid the money for her—'twas my house she was carried to.—The fault is all my own, I must confess, in not disclosing my situation to my father.—I ought to have intreated his consent to marry Pamphila.—I have been hitherto asleep—awake, awake, Æschinus,

chinus. The first step to be taken is this—I will go and justify myself to the women. I'll repair thither immediately. Death! I always tremble when I knock at this door. [*To them within,*] Hark ye, hark ye, 'tis Æschinus; open the door immediately.——Somebody comes forth; I'll retire this way.

SCENE V.

Micio, Æschinus.

Micio. Do as I have propos'd, Sostrata;—I'll now go seek for Æschinus, and acquaint him with our proceeding.——But who knocks at the door?

Æschinus. Heavens! my father!

Micio. Æschinus!

Æschinus. What can be his business here? [*Aside.*

Micio. Did you knock at this door?—He has not a word to say,—Why don't I rally him a little? I will, since he did not chuse to trust me with this affair. [*Aside.*] What! silent?

Æschinus. Not that I know of. [*Confusedly.*

Micio. So I thought; for I wonder'd what could be your business here?—He blushes;—all's well. [*Aside.*

Æschinus. And pray tell me, Sir, what may be your business here?

Micio.

Micio. Why truly, nothing that concerns myself:—A friend of mine brought me hither just now from the Forum to be his advocate.

Æschinus. How so?

Micio. I'll tell you:—There are some poor women living in this house;—I believe you know nothing of them, nay I am sure of it,—for they are but lately come.

Æschinus. Well, Sir,——

Micio. A girl and her mother.

Æschinus. Proceed,

Micio. The girl has lost her father;—my client is her next of kin;—the law obliges him to marry her.

Æschinus. Death! [*Aside.*

Micio. What's the matter?

Æschinus. Nothing:—Very well,—go on.

Micio. He is come to take her away with him, for he lives at Miletus.

Æschinus. Hah! to take the girl away?

Micio. Yes.

Æschinus. As far as Miletus?

Micio. Yes.

Æschinus. Torture! [*Aside.*] But the women,—what say they?

Micio. What should they say, think you? Nothing:—The mother indeed gives out that the girl is with child by some other man;—she does not name him;—she says, he has a prior claim, and that she ought not to be given up to the other.

Æschinus.

Æschinus. And don't you think there is justice in this ?

Micio. No.

Æschinus. No ! I beseech you ? And shall the other take her away ?

Micio. Why should he not ?

Æschinus. You have acted cruelly and unfeelingly, — and if I may speak my sentiments freely, Sir, dishonourably.

Micio. Why so ?

Æschinus. Why so ? What think you will become of that unhappy man who was first attach'd to her (who now perhaps, unfortunate wretch, loves her to distraction) when he shall see her torn away before his face from his sight for ever ? A most unworthy action, Sir !

Micio. Why so ? Who has promis'd her ? Who has given her away ? When and to whom was she contracted ? Who is the author of all this ? Why did he marry a woman who was the right of another ?

Æschinus. What ! was it fit that a girl of that age should sit at home expecting that this kinsman of her's should come to fetch her ? This is what you should have pleaded and insisted on.

Micio. Ridiculous ! Would you have had me plead against the cause I came to defend ?—But what concern is it of *ours* ? What have *we* to do with it ? Come, *Æschinus*, let us be gone :—What's the matter ?—Why in Tears ?

Æschinus.

Æschinus. Father, I beseech you hear me.

Micio. *Æschinus*, I have heard all, and know all already; for I have the most affectionate regard for you, which makes me the more attentive to every thing you do.

Æschinus. So may I be found deserving of that regard whilst you live, my dear father, as I am sincerely sorry for this offence — and ashamed to have so good a parent.

Micio. I believe it, for I know the ingenuousness of your disposition: — But I am afraid, *Æschinus* you are too apt to act inconsiderately: — In what city do you live, think you? You have debauch'd a virgin, whom the law forbade you to touch — a very great offence — great, but natural: Other men have done the same; nay, and good men. But since that event, have you shewn any circumspection; any foresight of what was to be done for you, or how it was to be done? — If you were ashamed to tell me of it, how was I to know it? While you were thus in a state of inaction, ten months have elapsed: Thus, as far as was in your power, you have expos'd yourself, the unfortunate girl, and the child. What! did you imagine that the Gods would provide every thing for you while you were asleep, and that Pamphila would be brought home to you without your providing the means? I hope you will not betray such negligence in other affairs. — But take courage, — you shall marry her. —

Æschinus.

Æschinus. Sir!

Micio. Take courage, I say.——

Æschinus. Sir, are you not jesting with me, I beseech you?

Micio. Jestng with you! Why?

Æschinus. I know not;—only the more I hope it true—the more I fear the contrary.

Micio. Go home, and petition the Gods that you may send for your wife—go.——

Æschinus. Send for my wife? What now?

Micio. Now.

Æschinus. Immediately?

Micio. Immediately, as soon as possible.

Æschinus. May all the Gods detest me, if I do not love you better than my very eyes!

Micio. What! better than *her* too!

Æschinus. As well.

Micio. Very kind indeed!

Æschinus. But where is the Milesian?

Micio. Vanish'd, lost, gone a shipboard;—but why d'ye loiter?

Æschinus. Go you rather and pray to the Gods,——for I well know they will be so much the more propitious to your prayers, as you are the better man.

Micio. Well, I'll go in and prepare every thing necessary for the occasion:—If you are wise you'll do as I have directed. [Exit.

Æschinus. Is it possible? Is this to be a father? or is this to be a son? Had he been my brother, or

or most familiar companion, could he have been more complying to my wishes? Is not such a father to be belov'd? Should I not carry him in my very bosom? — Well, from this condescension on his part, arises the stronger obligation on mine, to guard against doing any thing that may displease him: That duty I will religiously attend to.—But why don't I enter the door this instant, lest I myself delay the completion of my own happiness?

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

Demea solus.

I am tir'd to death with walking: — May the great Jupiter confound thee, Syrus, and thy directions together! I have crawl'd over the whole city, to the gate, the pond,—in short, every where; — there's no joiner's shop,—nor could I meet with any one that had seen my brother;—but I'll now go and take possession of his house till he returns.

SCENE VII.

Micio, Demea.

Micio. [Speaking within.] I'll go and tell them we are in readiness.

Demea. Here's the very man: — Micio, I have been seeking you this age.

H

Micio.

Micio. What's the matter ?

Demea. I have more news to tell you of your hopeful youth's exploits.——

Micio. So, so !

Demea. New ones——capital ones——

Micio. Hey day !

Demea. Ah, Micio ! you have no conception of his behaviour.

Micio. I have.——

Demea. O fool ! you are dreaming that it's the Singing-girl I allude to ;—the crime I mean relates to a virgin and a citizen.

Micio. I know it.——

Demea. Hey ! know it, and suffer it !

Micio. Why not ?

Demea. Tell me, pray, don't you exclaim ? don't you rave ?

Micio. Not I :—indeed I had rather——

Demea. There's a child born.——

Micio. Heaven protect it !

Demea. The girl not worth a shilling.

Micio. So I have heard.

Demea. A wife without a portion !

Micio. True.

Demea. And pray what is now to be done ?

Micio. The case itself points out that :—The girl shall be convey'd hither.

Demea. O Jupiter ! is this doing as becomes you ?

Micio.

Micio. What can I do more ?

Demea. What, d'ye ask ? If you feel no *real* concern, yet certainly to *pretend* it is a duty of humanity.

Micio. But I have contracted the girl ; the affair is settled : — The marriage is concluded. — I have made all parties happy. — These are rather the *duties of humanity*.

Demea. What ! then does the affair please you ?

Micio. No — if it was in my power to alter it ; — but as it is not, I acquiesce with patience. — It is with human life as with a game of dice : if the throw you wish for happens not to come up, that which does come up by chance, you must correct by art.

Demea. O rare *corrector* ! you have shewn your *art* forsooth, in throwing away sixty pounds for this Singing-girl ; who now must be forthwith disposed of — gratis if you cannot sell her.

Micio. No such matter ; — neither have I any thoughts of selling her.

Demea. What then will you do with her ?

Micio. Keep her at home.

Demea. Good heavens ! a mistress and a wife in one house !

Micio. Why not ?

Demea. Are you in your senses, think you ?

Micio. I believe so.

Demea. As I hope to live I now see your folly — I verily believe this is done that you may have some body to sing with.

Micio. Why should not I ?

Demea. And is the bride to learn musick too ?

Micio. Certainly. —

Demea. And you are to dance the Hays between them ?

Micio. Right : — And you shall be one of the party if you are wanted.

Demea. Alas ! are you not ashamed of such —

Micio. Pray, Demea, for once lay aside your angry temper, and grace the marriage of your son with that mirth and good humour which the occasion requires. — I will now attend the company, and afterwards return hither. [Exit.]

Demea. O Jupiter ! what living ! what manners ! what madness ! A wife coming without a fortune ! A Singing-girl here already ! A house devour'd with expence ! A young man in the high road to perdition ! An old man absolutely doating ! — Should the goddess of Health herself endeavour to save this family, she would fail in the attempt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Syrus, Demea.

SYRUS.

I PROTEST, my little Syrus, thou hast taken delicate care of thyself, and hast play'd the epicure with exquisite taste ;—go to.—But as I am now pamper'd with a variety of dainties, I find myself dispos'd to take a walk.

Demea. Here's an example of discipline for you !

Syrus. [*Afide.*] But see, here comes our old man : —What's the matter, Sir ? what makes you look so sad ?

Demea. A pretty rascal !

Syrus. Hey day ! are you come to *preach* to us again ?

Demea. Was you my servant——

Syrus. You would grow rich, and improve your estate.

Demea. I would take care to make an example of you.

Syrus. Why ? What have I done ?

Demea. What ? in the very midst of confusion, and such cursed mischief as was almost irreparable,
you

you have been getting drunk, you villain, as tho' every thing had been in a state of prosperity.

Syrus. 'Faith, I wish I had stay'd at home.

[*Aside.*

SCENE II.

Dromo, Syrus, Demea.

Dromo. [*Coming out.*] Syrus, Syrus, Ctesipho desires you'll return——

Syrus. Get you gone.

Demea. What means the fellow by naming Ctesipho?

Syrus. Nothing at all.

Demea. Eh, hang dog! is Ctesipho within?

Syrus. No.——

Demea. Then why does he name him?

Syrus. It's another; a little contemptible parasite of that name:—D'ye know him?

Demea. I will know him. [*Going to the door.*

Syrus. What do you mean? Where are you going?

Demea. Hands off, caitiff, — or d'ye chuse to have your head broke? [*Exit.*

Syrus. He's gone! By Jove he'll prove a very unwelcome guest, particularly to Ctesipho.——What have I to do now, but, till this tempest is over, retire to some corner and sleep off my debauch?—Resolv'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Micio, Demea.

Micio. [*To Sostrata within.*] We are quite ready, as I told you, and wait your pleasure, Sostrata : — But who knocks so violently at the door ?

Demea. Alas ! alas ! what shall I do ? or how shall I act ? How shall I exclaim, or utter my complaints ? O heaven ! O earth ! O seas !

Micio. Here's for you ! the affair is now blown, and he is raving at the discovery — the storm is coming——we must prepare to meet it.

Demea. Here comes the common corruptor of my children.

Micio. Pray now controul your passion, and recover your reason.

Demea. Well, it's over—I am cool,—I do not utter a single reproach ; — let us argue the point : It was agreed between us — nay, it was your own proposal, that you should not interfere with my charge, nor I with your's.—Your answer.

Micio. It was, I do not deny it.

Demea. How comes it then, that my son is now revelling at your house ? Why do you harbour him ? why buy him a mistress, Micio ? am I less entitled to justice from you, than you from me ? Since then I do not interfere with your charge, pray why do you with mine ?

Micio.

Micio. There is no reason in what you say——none ; — for it is a maxim of old — that *between friends all things are in common.*

Demea. Pleasant enough ! I wish you joy of your proverb.——

Micio. If you can command your temper, Demea, I beg your attention for a few moments. — In the first place, as to your son's expences, if that article disturbs you, let this reflection have its weight :——You set out with breeding them up in a manner suitable to your circumstances, thinking that your own fortune would prove a competency for them both ; and as to me, you took it for granted, that I should marry :——Do you therefore adhere invariably to your former method of living, — save, get, and accumulate for them ; — make it your object to leave them all you can ; let that glory be your's.——With respect to *my* fortune, which has come to them unhop'd for, suffer them to enjoy it ; — your capital will suffer no diminution, and as to what comes from me, set it down as clear gain.——Do but seriously consider these matters, Demea, and you will save me, yourself, and your sons, a world of uneasiness.

Demea. Well, I wave fortune,——but their morals——

Micio. Stay — that point I was coming to : — There are in mankind, Demea, many signs by which you may easily form a conjecture, nay, sometimes

sometimes positively affirm, that when two men are acting in the same manner, the one may be safely allow'd to go on without restraint, the other not : The whole difference lies in the persons, the thing being the same. Now this is so applicable to your sons, that I am confident they will turn out perfectly to our wishes :——I see that they have parts and understanding, that they shew reverence where it is due, and are affectionate towards each other ; hence I infer, that their tempers and dispositions are of a liberal turn ; you may reclaim them whenever you will.——But you are apprehensive they will be too apt to neglect their interest : —— O, my dear Demea, in every other respect we grow better as we grow older ; this one only fault is the constant attendant on old age——*We are too solicitous about worldly interest*——and, trust me, age will have the same effect on them.

Demea. I am afraid this fine reasoning and easy temper of your's will ruin us at last.

Micio. Say no more, that will not happen, and now let us drop the subject :——Devote yourself this day to me,—and let your brow wear an aspect of serenity.

Demea. Well, as the time requires it, I consent :——But to-morrow I'll take my son with me into the country by break of day.

Micio. Nay, to-night if you please, so you spend the day with us in good humour.

I

Demea.

Demea. I'll drag hence that singing-girl too along with me.

Micio. You shall have your will; and by so doing you will keep your son in the country, provided you can secure *her* there.

Demea. I'll see to that—and what with cooking and grinding, I'll take care she shall be cover'd with ashes, smoke, and meal;—nay more, I'll make her gather straw at mid-day, till her complexion is burnt as black as a coal.

Micio. Right; now you talk like a wise man: And in that condition you will force your son to be her bed-fellow, whether he will or not.

Demea. D'ye laugh at me? You're a fortunate man to have so happy a disposition.—I *feel*—

Micio. Ah! d'ye relapse?

Demea. Well, well, I have done.

Micio. Go in then, and let us enjoy this day in a manner suitable to the occasion.

S C E N E IV.

Demea solus.

There is no man whatever, that has form'd so perfect a system of life, but that fortune, age, and experience are always pointing out to him some new reflection, or suggesting some practical improvement; so that we are often most ignorant where we fancy ourselves most expert, and reject those very things upon trial, which we had esteem'd
the

the best in speculation. This is exactly my case;—for the rigid life which I have hitherto pursued, now that my course is nearly run, I bid farewell to:—And why?—I have found by experience that there is nothing more conducive to human happiness, than an easy temper and affable mode of behaviour. The truth of this is perfectly exemplified in me and my brother:—*His* life has been uniformly spent in ease and convivial pleasures; gentle, polite, offensive to none, obliging to all, he has liv'd so as to enjoy himself and his fortune; every one speaks well of him, every one loves him: I, the rustick, rigid, morose, self-denying, stern, intractable *Demea*, married a wife—what a source of trouble was that!—I had two sons, another care. Moreover, whilst I have been studying to do all in my power for them, I have worn out the prime of my years in toiling and saving; and now that I am in the decline of life, this is the reward I have for my labour—their hatred. My brother lives at his ease on his paternal estate;—him they love—me they shun;—him they trust with all their secrets, him they caress, him they resort to—I am deserted—to him they wish long life—to me a speedy death.——Thus, after my taking all possible pains to breed them up, he has made them his own at a trifling expence;—thus I undergo every misery—he enjoys every pleasure.——Come, come, since I am thus challenged, let *me* try my skill in courtesy and complaisance: I also wish to be caress'd and

belov'd by my friends ; and if that can be obtain'd by liberality and indulgence, I am determin'd to carry my point :—should our estate be impair'd thereby, as I am the elder, I shall not be the sufferer.

S C E N E V.

Syrus, Demea.

Syrus. Sir, Demea, your brother begs that you will not go out of the way.

Demea. Who calls ?—O dear Syrus your servant, how are you ? how is it with you ?

Syrus. Very well, Sir.

Demea. Excellently begun ! I have now, for the first time, us'd these three complimentary expressions against my nature—' Dear Syrus,—how are you ?—how is it with you ?' [*Afide.*] I find you are a very honest servant, and I shall be glad to promote your interest.

Syrus. I return you many thanks.

Demea, I assure you, Syrus, I am in earnest, and that you shall be very soon convinc'd of.

S C E N E VI.

Geta, Demea.

Geta. [*To Sostrata within.*] I will now, Madam, go over to Micio's house, and see that no time be lost in sending for the bride—but here comes Demea.—Sir, your servant.

Demea. Oh ! Sir, pray what is your name ?

Geta.

Geta. Geta.

Demea. Geta! I have this day determin'd in my mind that you are a man of inestimable value, for I think that servant's worth sufficiently approv'd who is so faithful to the interest of his master as I find you are;—and therefore, Geta, if an opportunity offers, I shall be happy to serve you.—I am practising affability, and have made no small proficiency already. [*Afide.*]

Geta. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir, for your favourable opinion.

Demea. I will first ingratiate myself by degrees with the lower class of people. [*Afide.*]

S C E N E VII.

Æschinus, Demea, Syrus, Geta.

Æschinus. They kill me with their scrupulous attention to unnecessary ceremonies:—the whole day is consum'd in preparations.

Demea. *Æschinus!* how are you?

Æschinus. Hah! my father! are you here?

Demea. I am indeed your father, both by nature and affection, for you are dearer to me than my eyesight;—but why do not you send for your wife?

Æschinus. So I wish to do—but we are waiting for the musicians and chorus who are to sing the epithalamium.

Demea. Ha! will you take an old man's advice?

Æschinus. What is it?

Demea.

Demea. Pay no regard to the epithalamium, attendants, torches, and musick, but order this wall in the garden to be pull'd down immediately, and bring her over that way ;—make the two families one—and let the mother and all the domesticks be brought over to our house.

Æschinus. With all my heart, my most obliging father.

Demea. O brave ! now I am call'd most *obliging* father. My brother's house will be a thoroughfare ; here will be a world of company, and no less expence, in short—what is it to me ? I the *obliging* Demea am growing popular in the mean time. [*Aside.*] Order sixty pounds to be disburs'd immediately.—Syrus, why don't you go and do it ?

Syrus. Do what ?

Demea. Pull down the wall ;—and do you, Geta, go and bring them over.

Geta. May all the Gods reward you, Demea, for your good-will towards our family !

Demea. I think they deserve it.—What say you, Æschinus ?

Æschinus. I think so indeed.

Demea. It will be much better than to bring a woman in child-bed sick through the street.

Æschinus. Nothing, my dear father, could have been better imagin'd.

Demea. I always do so—but see, here comes Micio out of his door,

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

Micio, Demea, Æschinus.

Micio. Are these my brother's orders, say you ?
where is he ?——Are these your orders, Demea ?

Demea. My orders are, that in this and in all things else, we regard them, assist them, and unite them with ourselves, so that we may become in every respect one family.

Æschinus. -I wish so too, Sir.

Micio. These are perfectly my sentiments.

Demea. It is our duty so to do : in the first place, Sostrata is the mother of Æschinus's wife.

Micio. What then ?

Demea. An honest and virtuous woman.

Micio. So I have heard.

Demea. Advanc'd in years.

Micio. I know it.

Demea. She is much too old for child-bearing, and has no one to take care of her ; she is quite in a state of solitude.

Micio. What can be his meaning ? [*Aside.*

Demea. It is your duty to marry her ;—and yours, Æschinus, to see that he does it.

Micio. My duty to marry her ?

Demea. Yours.

Micio. Mine ?

Demea. Yours, I say,

Micio. Ridiculous !

Demea.

Demea. Æschinus, if you are a man, see that you bring it about.

Æschinus. My dear father——

Micio. What! are you silly enough to listen to him?

Demea. 'Tis to no purpose to oppose it, for so it must be.

Micio. You are mad.

Æschinus. Dear Sir, let me prevail on you.

Micio. You have lost your wits—away.

Demea. Don't be displeas'd with your son.

Micio. Are you in your senses? Shall I, in my sixty-fifth year, think now for the first time of being married—and to a decrepit old woman?—— Is this what you advise?

Æschinus. Pray do.—I have promis'd.

Micio. Promis'd! promise for yourself, young gentleman.

Demea. Come, come, what if he should ask a still greater favour?

Micio. As though there could be a greater.

Demea. Pray comply.

Æschinus. Do not refuse.

Demea. Come, give us your promise.

Micio. Will you not desist?

Æschinus. Not till I have prevail'd.

Micio. This is absolute violence.

Demea. Come, make no more difficulty.

Micio. Although this scheme seems to me to be
wrong,

wrong, foolish, absurd, and foreign to my plan of life; yet since you both insist on it—be it so.

Æschinus. Goodness itself! I have reason to love you daily more and more.

Demea. Well, but ——— what was I going to say? one wish I have obtain'd. ——— What yet remains? Oh! Hegio is their nearest of kin, and now related to us; ——— he is in poor circumstances ——— we ought to do something for him.

Micio. What?

Demea. There is a little estate in the suburbs, which you let out; let us give it him for his life.

Micio. A little estate, say you?

Demea. Were it ever so large a one, he deserves to have it; — he has been as a father to Pamphila, is a worthy man in himself, and connected with our family: — You cannot dispose of it better: — Besides, now, Micio, I shall adopt the proverb you applied lately with so much sense and propriety, — *it is the common fault of us all in old age, that we are too solicitous about worldly interest.* This reproach it becomes us to avoid.

Æschinus. That is truly said ——— it ought by all means to be done.

Micio. Indeed! well, since Æschinus desires it, he shall have it.

Æschinus. My dear father!

Demea. Now you are indeed my brother, both body and soul.

Micio. You make me happy.

Demea. I foil him at his own weapons. [*Aside.*

SCENE IX.

Syrus, Demea, Micio, Æschinus.

Syrus. I have done as you commanded, Demea.

Demea. You are a diligent fellow,—and I really think that Syrus ought this day to be made free.

Micio. Syrus made free! for what reason?

Demea. For many reasons.

Syrus. O dear Demea! by Jove you are a worthy man! I have taken the strictest care of both your sons even from children; I have taught, advis'd, and instructed them in every thing I was master of.

Demea. So it appears;—and besides, he can cater for them, and in occasionally providing a mistress or an entertainment, he is fidelity itself:—And let me tell you, these offices exceed the province of an *ordinary* servant.

Syrus. How facetious!

Demea. Lastly, he assisted in purchasing the Singing-girl—he has had the whole care of the business;—you ought to reward him for the encouragement of other servants;—to conclude, Æschinus desires it.

Micio. Do you desire it?

Æschinus. I do.

Micio. If that is the case, come hither, Syrus, —rise up a free man.

Syrus. A noble action! I thank you all,—and you, Demea, in particular.

Demea. I wish you much joy.

Æschinus. And I.—

Syrus.

Syrus. I believe it:—I wish that, to compleat my joy, I could see my wife Phrygia free also.

Demea. A most excellent woman I vow!

Syrus. Besides, she is nurse to your grandchild, Æschinus's son.

Demea. Very true, by Jupiter!—and therefore doubtless she ought to be made free.

Micio. What, for that?

Demea. For that;—and let the price of her freedom be charged to my account.

Syrus. The Gods grant you every thing you wish for!

Micio. Syrus, you have advanc'd your fortune pretty well to-day.

Demea. And if you, Micio, will do your duty, and lend him a little money in hand for present use, he will repay it you soon, I'll engage.

Micio. Not a single farthing.

Æschinus. The fellow is industrious.

Syrus. I'll repay you on my credit;—only try me.—

Æschinus. Pray try him, Sir.—

Micio. I'll consider of it.

Demea. It shall be done, Syrus.

Syrus. O worthy Demea!

Æschinus. O my most delightful father!

Micio. How is this? What can have caus'd so wonderful a change in your manners, Demea? whence this generous disposition? whence this sudden liberality?

Demea.

Demea. I will tell you:—It is to convince you, Micio, that the esteem, in which my sons hold you as an easy and amiable man, does not proceed from a rectitude of life, nor from a regard to the laws of virtue and justice; but from your humouring, pampering, and indulging them in every thing *indiscriminately*. Now therefore, *Æschinus*, if my life and manners have been hitherto odious to you, because I am not obsequious in all things, whether just or unjust—I have done with you:—Spend, confound, do what you please:—But if you would rather have me (at the same time that I wish to grant you every reasonable indulgence) reprove and correct those faults which youth cannot judge of, and which you pursue with the more ardour through ignorance of the consequences—behold I am ready to undertake the office.

Æschinus. Father, we agree to your proposal—you best know what line we ought to pursue;—but respecting my brother—

Demea. I consent:—Let him have his mistress—but let this be the last.

Micio. Well determin'd.

We beg the favour of you applause.

[To the Audience.]

